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COLLIER'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

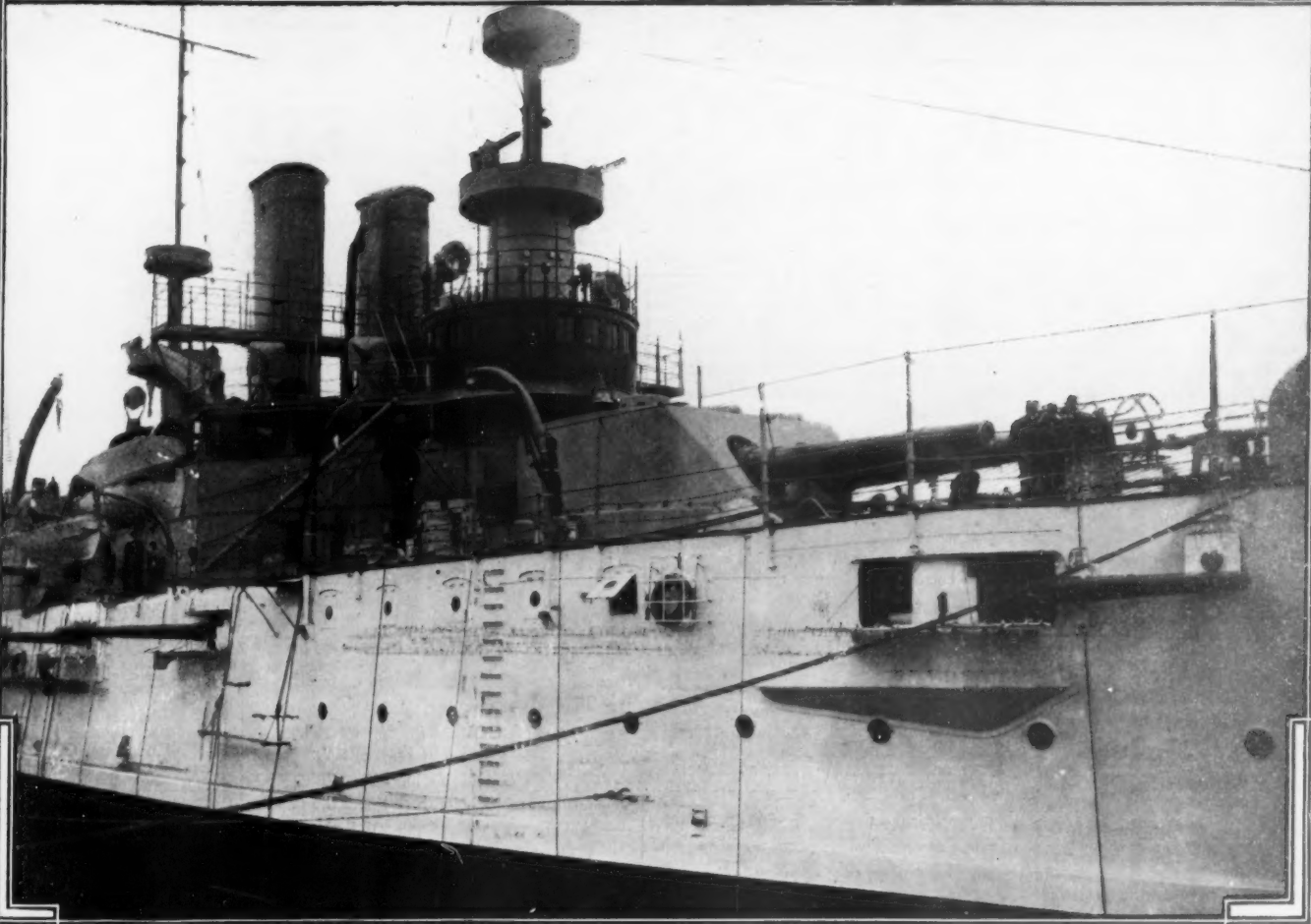
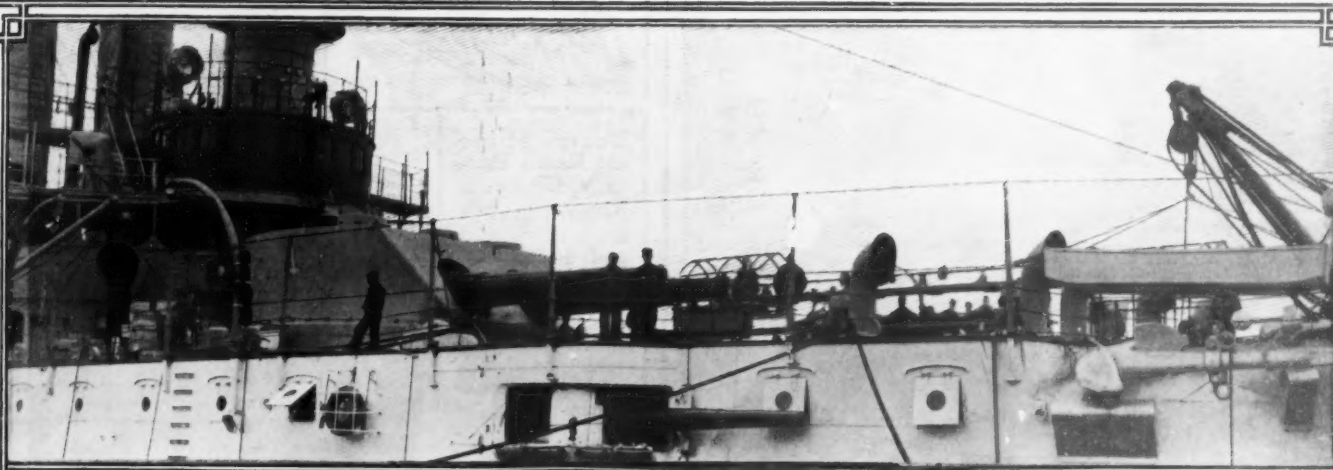


VOL TWENTY-EIGHT NO 9 NEW YORK NOVEMBER 30 1901 PRICE TEN CENTS



THE RIFLING MACHINE IN POSITION IN FRONT OF THE BIG GUNS


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THE INJURED THIRTEEN-INCH GUNS OF THE FORWARD TURRET

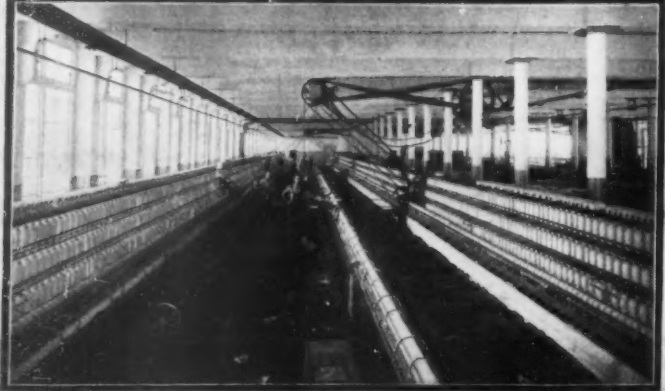
THE MISHAP TO THE BATTLESHIP "ALABAMA"

(SEE PAGE 3)



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TO THE MINDS OF A GREAT MANY LOYAL Americans the near approach of the gathering of Congress takes some of the Thanksgiving out of the season and some of the seasoning out of the turkey. But the session can hardly fail to be an interesting one, and it may be a most important one to the future of the country.

AMONG THE SUBJECTS THAT ARE BOUND TO BE presented in one form or another are the punishment of anarchists, the building of the Nicaragua Canal, the control of the trusts, and the modification of the present tariff laws to permit of the extension of the policy of reciprocity. As to the first two subjects, some legislation is inevitable. A prophecy may even be pardonable. The just rage of the public induced by the assassination of Mr. McKinley has subsided, and Congress will not be bound with appeals for repressive legislation contrary to the Constitution and the spirit of the Republic. But something is pretty certain to be done to make attempts on the life of the President offences against the Federal laws, and to bring the preaching and practice of anarchy within the view of the Federal authorities. As to the Nicaragua Canal, recent semi-official utterances have shown that Great Britain is willing to accept practically everything that was demanded last year by the courageous opponents of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty in the Senate. The talk of the Panama route will come to nothing.

THE CONTROL OF THE TRUSTS IS A MATTER that the President carries very close to his heart. He has thought about it lately a great deal, as everybody has, and he has taken occasion to talk it over with his friends and even to send for men of affairs who he hoped might be willing to give an unprejudiced view of anti-trust legislation from the standpoint of practical business. It is certain that whatever legislation may be suggested to Congress will be vigorously opposed unless it is along the futile lines followed by previous sessions. Secrecy and independence are the essentials of most of these organizations. Publicity and supervision would be distinctly harmful to the groups controlled by that extraordinary family of Rockefellers. Yet it is apparent that the rule implied in the rebuff, "May I not do what I will with my own?" is not exactly applicable to concerns whose daily affairs affect the property and even the lives of millions of people. The Standard Oil Company and the United States Steel Company are certainly not more private concerns than banks and railways, and banks and railways are obliged to publish detailed statements of their operations. Officers of banks are liable to frequently enforced penalties for infringements of the law. It is quite certain that Mr. Roosevelt is aiming at a form of government supervision that will place the trusts on something like the same footing as the banks and the railroads. Of course, such a law would imply doubts as to the supernatural benevolence of the managers of these properties, but the public may be persuaded to question whether such a concern as the Amalgamated Copper Company is really devoted to the public good.

IN HIS LAST SPEECH AT BUFFALO MR. McKINLEY delivered a stirring utterance on reciprocity. It was applauded unanimously at the time, but so short are the memories of mankind on such subjects that a distinct reversal of sentiment is noticeable in a section of Mr. McKinley's party. The results of the Ohio election are advertised as a proof of public opposition to a retreat from radical protectionism; the wool growers, who, being a pastoral people, are always put forward as the chief victims of revenue reduction, have begun to protest, and their sheep are bleating for an unrevised schedule, and one organ of the protectionists has gone so far as to attack the late President for his advocacy of the "wider market." Mr. Roosevelt was never much of a protectionist, and he is now less likely than ever to oppose a loosening of the Chinese wall since he can point to favorable chapter and verse of the gospel of protectionism as expounded by his predecessor.

THE PRESIDENT HAS SOLVED THE PROBLEM OF the New York appointments by refusing to appoint either the officeholder whom Senator Platt wished to go or the one he wished to stay. There is very little so far to show that President Roosevelt has forgotten what Mr. Roosevelt suffered at the hands of the senior Senator from his State or that Mr. Platt possesses the influence at the

White House attributed to him by his friends. If anybody can be said to advise the President on a political field as to whose practical side he is thoroughly informed it is Governor Odell. The points at issue are of no vast importance to persons who are not actively engaged in politics. The main concern of the public is to hope that the changes in the New York Custom House will tend in some way to modify the exceedingly disagreeable practices toward Americans returning from abroad. In that branch, the New York Custom House, as it is administered at present, is a scandal to the country.

SPAIN WAS NOT VERY HAPPY BEFORE THE WAR in Cuba, but her condition to-day is bad enough to wing sympathy from the hardest American breast, and we imagine no American breast ever felt quite relentless toward Spain even during the war. The public debt is monumental, the little king is ill, and Weyler, our old friend of the rearmament camp and the blackhouse cordon—two warlike devices that have since been translated into English—is thought to be heading toward a dictatorship. The navy, or such part of it as remained after the fight at Santiago, is in so demoralized a condition that its officers are demanding that it shall be reorganized on vital lines or quite disbanded. We should say that disbandment of such a navy as Spain's is merely the cutting off of a costly luxury, but it is hard for a bankrupt to come down to his income.

THE VISIT OF THE IRISH MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT, under the leadership of Mr. John Redmond, for the purpose of creating interest in the cause of Home Rule and raising funds for the promotion of the same, is meeting with more success than other recent missions of the same nature, but so far it has not aroused much enthusiasm. The Irish party leaders have apparently satisfied to the letter all that was demanded of them by their friends on this side of the water. Harmony of a sort has been achieved; the factions are united; the Healy and the Dillon sit down together. But somehow a good deal of the spirit has been taken out of the movement in this country. An agitation of this kind needs a leader to whom the people are willing to attribute heroic qualities, and when Parnell felt the keenness of American Irishmen for the cause was badly blunted. Mr. Redmond possesses capacity, and he inherited from Mr. Parnell a useful knowledge of Parliamentary affairs, but it remains a question whether he is not more successful as a party captain at Westminster than as the leader of his race on both sides of the Atlantic. Something of the tone of the Irishmen in America toward the "mission" can be judged from the fact that the most important contribution received by Mr. Redmond and his friends was given with the understanding that "separation" was not the purpose of the present movement. This is hardly a condition that any one would have cared to suggest to Mr. Parnell, who, besides working along constitutional grounds, maintained intimate relations with the leaders of what is called the force movement; that is to say, the Irishmen who believe in revolution.

ANY ONE WHO IS INTERESTED IN THE MARKET value of fame may like to know that at a sale of photographs bearing the autographs of the subjects, Mr. Watterston, the editor, brought \$7.50 and General Miles \$3.50. Three dollars and a half appeared to be the military evaluation, for pictures of General Sherman and General Sheridan each sold for that sum. The photograph of the late William Florence, the actor, sold for \$4.50, that of Senator Blackburn for \$4, a crayon of George Washington for \$4.50, a photograph of "Buffalo Bill" for \$1.50, and one of General Boulanger for twenty-five cents, or five cents less than the current quotation of the "brav' general's" fame.

THE CONCLUSION OF A TREATY OF PEACE IN the dispute over the ownership of the Northern Pacific Railway will probably seem to some of our readers—at least those who frequent the narrow lanes in the neighborhood of Trinity Church—as of more real importance than the adoption of the Nicaragua Canal treaty. At all events, the differences between the magnates which ruined so many gamblers last spring and hurt a good many people who were not gamblers have been settled. The Northern Pacific preferred stock has been retired at a price equivalent to a little better than par and the common stock of this company has gone into a "holding company" with the majority of the Great

Northern stock. This "holding company" will control the Northern Pacific, the Great Northern, and the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroads. A considerable portion of the company will be owned by the interests controlling Union Pacific, but not so great a portion as Mr. Harriman's friends had been led to believe. The capitalization of the company is \$400,000,000. It is understood that an agreement has been arrived at by the parties controlling the two great systems in which "territory has been divided" and arrangements made to prevent "rate wars" and similar disturbances. This is undoubtedly a good thing for the railroads. That it is also a good thing for the public appears to be questioned by the Governor of Minnesota, who threatens proceedings to determine whether the new company is not in violation of the laws of that State. However, it is not likely that the lawyers who contrived the organization overlooked that contingency.

THE CITY HEALTH OFFICER AT SAN FRANCISCO has made the important recommendation that a very considerable portion of that city be burned to the ground. The section marked for destruction is the famous quarter of San Francisco called Chinatown, in which a good many thousands of Chinamen live and pursue their business with something more of the picturesqueness of their native land than one sees in other Chinatowns. The reason is that "Chinatown" cannot be rendered sanitary except by total obliteration—a very good reason, too, if it is true. People who do not live in San Francisco, with its frequent alarms about the outbreak of Oriental diseases, cannot thoroughly approve of a movement to destroy a most engaging exhibit of exotic life. Most visitors to the city would rather see Chinatown than the wonderful restaurants, the Presidio, the seals or anything else there except the very beautiful women. Perhaps the uses of Chinatown as a public showplace will be considered against the radical programme of the Health Officer, and it is also likely that some weight will be given to the fact so often whispered in the ears of visitors that these unsanitary but picturesque lodgings are owned by influential persons who charge a good deal more rent for them than if they were let to Christian persons who cared for improved plumbing and were on even terms with the police.

THE ALABAMA IS ONE OF OUR MOST POWERFUL ironclads, of the same class as the Wisconsin. Her main battery is provided with four 13-inch and fourteen 6-inch breechloading rifled guns. During recent target practice off the Virginia Capes, some shells burst inside some of these guns during discharge through the tube. In the case of two of the larger guns huge pieces of the rifling were torn out, but in both instances the breechblocks resisted the violent pressure caused by the explosion. If the breechblocks had been blown off, undoubtedly some of the "men behind the gun" would have been killed or wounded. As it was, an ugly bulge was inflicted on the superstructure on the port side of the ship, the deck lights on the quarter-deck were all broken, and the whole ship quivered from end to end. Four 6-inch guns were internally ruined in the same manner, i.e. through defective shells. Otherwise, the bolts holding the gun mounts to the deck were wrenched out or bent out of shape by the terrific recoil, and metal deck beams buckled (bent outward). To remedy this damage, stanchions are being erected to sustain the platforms under the 6-inch guns, and new bolts will replace the old. It seems uncertain whether the buckling was attributable to the explosion alone, or whether the ship's construction failed to make that part strong enough to resist an unusual shock. The injured cannon must of course be given new rifling. This will be a delicate task, and it has been confided to an expert engineer from the Washington gun foundry. This officer has been detailed for duty on the Alabama until the invalidated guns shall have been restored. He will have at his disposal an electrical drilling machine, which will be placed to the mouth of the guns needing re-rifling. This is a new experiment in the rifling of heavy ordnance. Hitherto the gun has been put in front of a great lathe, for the purpose of boring out the grooves in the tube. But in this instance the machine is to be taken to the gun, and the tube will not be turned upon the bore, but this will revolve inside the tube. Obviously such procedure will save both time and money. Until the success of this experiment is assured, and until the government report on the Alabama's injuries is made public, we will reserve comment on the "material evidence" and the wisdom of the vast expenditure of money made, and to be made, by Congress for the benefit of our new navy.



DAVID B. HENDERSON
SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

THE MACE

MR. HANNA'S MESSENGER

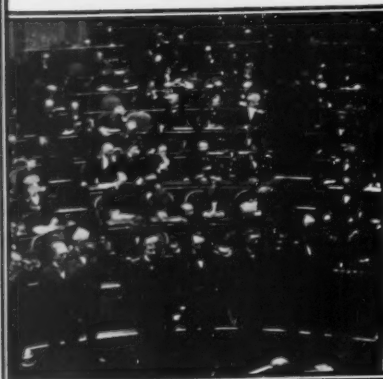
WILLIAM P. FRYE
PRESIDENT OF THE SENATE PRO TEMPORE



THE LAST JOINT SESSION OF—

—THE SENATE AND HOUSE

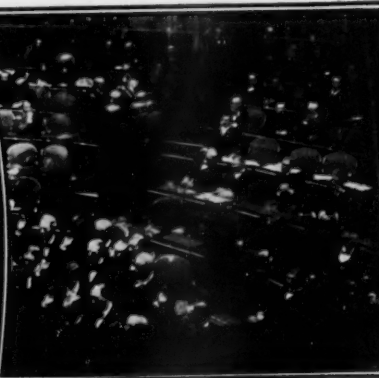
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HOW NEW MEMBERS ARE SWORN IN—



SECRETARY PRUDEI, WHO DELIVERS THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE



—AT THE BEGINNING OF THE SESSION

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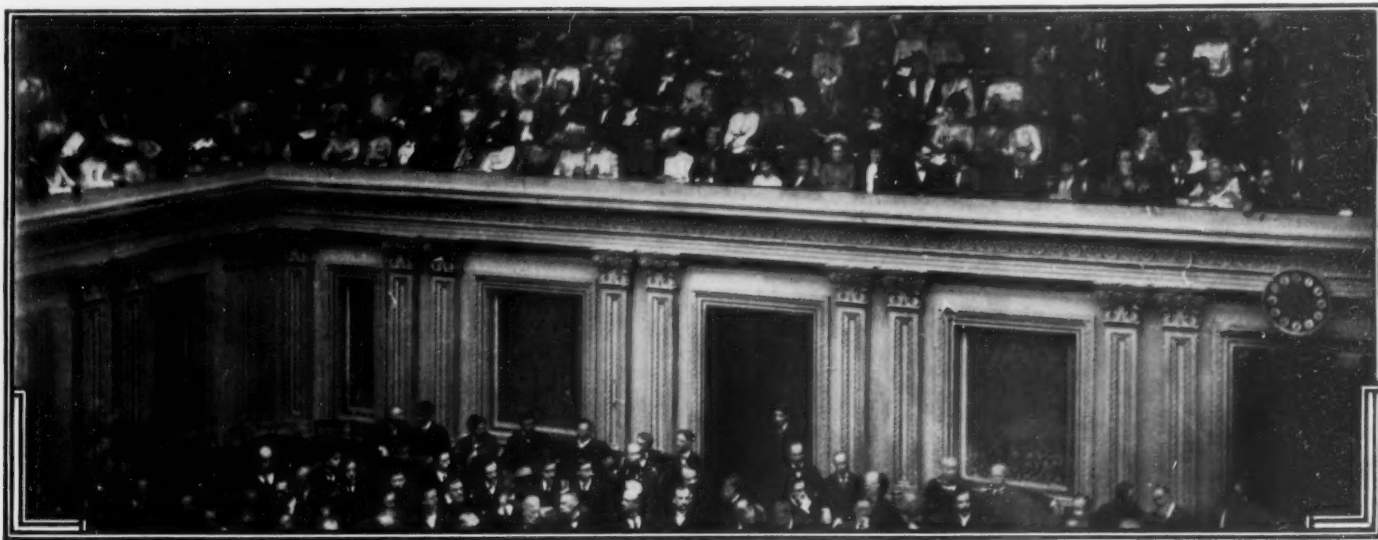


THE SENATE CHAMBER, PREPARED FOR THE SESSION OF THE FIFTY-SEVENTH CONGRESS

THE OPENING OF CONGRESS

THE WORK BEFORE CONGRESS

By SENATOR JULIUS C. BURROWS



THE DIPLOMATIC GALLERY IN THE SENATE CHAMBER. CHINESE MINISTER WU AND MRS. WU ARE SITTING IN THE FRONT ROW, ON THE EXTREME RIGHT OF THE PICTURE



SENATOR JULIUS C. BURROWS

T I PREDICT with any degree of certainty the probable action of the approaching Congress in matters of legislation, one would need to be endowed with more than human foresight and possessed of power akin to prophecy; for there is nothing more uncertain in this world than the course of general legislation which the American Congress may pursue. What seems clear to-day is clouded with doubt to-morrow, and what seems probable in the way of legislation before or at the opening of a Congress may soon become the remotest possibility. This condition springs from the varied and sometimes conflicting interests involved in proposed legislation which must somehow be harmonized before legislative action can be secured.

Aside, therefore, from the general appropriation bill which must from necessity be considered and passed to provide the necessary means for the support of the various functions of government, it is but little more than speculation to attempt to forecast the measures which will receive legislative consideration, much less legislative approval and Executive sanction.

It is nevertheless true that the dominant party in full and undisputed control of the legislative and executive branches of government is committed to and morally bound, so far as is in its power, to make good in legislation its pre-election promises. To fail in this would be to betray a sacred trust and forfeit public confidence.

Assuming that the dominant party now in power in every branch of the government will not betray its trust but faithfully redeem its promises and execute the commission with which it is charged, we ought to be able to predict with reasonable certainty the course and character of general legislation in the approaching Congress.

CURRENCY AND IMPROVED BANKING SYSTEM

Among the first of these party pledges we find the following:

"We renew our allegiance to the principles of the gold standard and our steadfast opposition to the free and unlimited coinage of silver."

In the face of this declaration and the determined course of the party in recent years, it will be safe to assume that no legislation will be undertaken or considered the effect of which would be to impair our monetary standard or disturb and render uncertain the equal monetary value of all our currency.

Whatever legislation may be had or contemplated on this subject will look rather to the strengthening and making more secure the gold standard and the advancement of the public credit. It is possible some steps may be taken toward the modification and improvement of our present banking system, but it is not probable.

MIGHTY BATTLE WITH TRUSTS

Prominent among the articles of Republican faith embraced in the Philadelphia platform is the following:

"We condemn all conspiracies and combinations intended to restrict business, to create monopolies, to limit production or to control prices, and favor such legislation as will effectively restrain and prevent all such abuses, protect and promote competition and secure the rights of producers, laborers and all who are engaged in industry and commerce."

In view of this declaration, carefully considered and de-

liberately made, and the well-known public solicitude upon this question throughout the country, the consideration of this subject would seem to be imperative. There is a widespread suspicion throughout the country, provocative of much unrest, that the modern enormous aggregations of capital, incident to or attending our marvellous industrial development, are in some way detrimental to the best interests of the people, and subversive of the public good, and the demand seems to be general and imperious that some steps be taken by Congress to lessen if not eradicate the evils said to be incident to and growing out of these industrial combinations. The remedies proposed will undoubtedly be various, and some of them drastic, giving rise to serious and protracted consideration, and it will be no easy matter to solve this perplexing problem as to meet the expectations of the public and the necessities of the situation. It seems to be a foregone conclusion that these industrial combinations are to become a permanent adjunct of our industrial life and development, and legislation must needs be directed to the lessening or suppression of the evils incident thereto. That Congress will deal with the subject earnestly and intelligently, and that it will find some adequate legislation commensurate with the importance of the subject, does not admit of doubt. Whatever that legislation may be, it is safe to presume that any proposition to destroy American industry in order to get rid of the evils, or supposed evils, growing out of such combinations will not be seriously considered, much less enacted into law. Congress will hardly set fire to the industrial edifice in order to destroy the rats supposed to infest it.

NO TARIFF REVISION

Of course the Republican party is wedded to the policy of protection, and it was to be expected, therefore, that it would declare its "faith in the policy of protection to American industries and American labor."

While the air is full of rumors and speculation in relation to a revision of the tariff, yet it is more than probable that this work will not be undertaken by the approaching Congress. In view of the general condition of business, domestic and foreign, and the acknowledged prosperity of all the people, there does not seem to be any pressing necessity or public demand for a general revision of the tariff. While it may be true, and undoubtedly is true, that some modification of rates of some of the items in the various schedules might be made without impairing the revenues or jeopardizing our industries, yet the difficulties standing in the way of accomplishing this without involving our entire revenue system are so insurmountable that Congress will undoubtedly be deterred from any action in relation thereto until such time as a general revision is imperatively demanded. The business interests of the country, their stability and advancement, would seem to suggest and ensure the adoption of this course. We may be assured, however, without the slightest question or doubt, that if any modification of tariff rates is made, such modification will be in the line of the Republican policy, fearlessly avowed and consistently maintained, of affording adequate protection to American industries and American labor.

Another question sure to engage the serious attention of Congress at the approaching session, in response to the public demand and in obedience to party promises, is the subject of

RECIPROCITY, MEANING FAIR TRADE

The platform declares:

"We favor the associated policy of reciprocity so directed as to open our markets on favorable terms for what we do not ourselves produce in return for free foreign markets."

While this subject will undoubtedly lead to protracted debate, yet there ought not to be any serious difficulty in legislative determination if the Congress keeps steadily in view the fundamental principles upon which true reciprocity is based. Reciprocity is not free trade, but fair trade. True reciprocity does not involve the destruction of American industries or the surrender of American markets for American products. The platform itself defines the reciprocity the party has avowed and which the American people will approve. It declares for a "reciprocity so directed as to open our markets on favorable terms for what we do not ourselves produce in return for free foreign markets." Trade agreements upon such lines can

be easily framed and readily consented to, but it is apprehended that any attempt to go beyond this limit and surrender American markets which we can readily supply with American products, produced by American labor, to foreign invasion and occupancy, will meet with serious and persistent resistance. It is not probable that we will silence our mills, drive our workmen out of employment and surrender our markets for the shadowy advantage of any foreign market on earth, however alluring the temptation may be.

NEW IMMIGRATION LAWS

It is more than probable that the important question of immigration will receive the careful and considerate attention of the approaching Congress and such modification of existing laws made as will more effectually shield and protect the workmen of this country. And in this connection there can be no question that some effective measure will be enacted to more surely guard our gates from the entrance of the anarchist, whose presence is a constant menace to our government. The recent national calamity imposes upon the approaching Congress the duty of enacting such laws as will not only exclude from our shores these enemies of law and order but make it impossible for them or their adherents to promulgate their doctrines in safety anywhere under our flag.

No one subject will command the earnest and patriotic consideration of the approaching Congress more than that of

AN ENLARGED MERCHANT MARINE

This subject is one of such vital concern to the nation as a whole and all its people that there is no question but it will receive such consideration as its importance demands. To be able to carry but seven per cent of our enormous and rapidly increasing foreign trade, with the consequent loss to American labor and American industry, is a national humiliation and disgrace which ought not longer to be permitted or endured.

Just what measure of relief will receive the approval of the Congress and sanction of the Executive it is impossible to forecast, but that some legislation will be enacted looking to the rehabilitation of our merchant marine and our restoration to commercial activity, if not supremacy, on the sea, is imperatively demanded.

Steps will necessarily be taken to reduce and restrict taxation to the legitimate needs of the government. Taxation beyond the requirements of public expenditure is not only unjust but oppressive. With a surplus in the Treasury in excess of present requirements and existing taxation which will probably yield revenue in advance of prospective demands, it seems certain that our war taxes will be so far repealed or reduced as to bring the revenues of the government within the legitimate needs of public expenditure.

AN OCEAN-TO-OCEAN CANAL AT ONCE

The importance of this subject is so generally conceded and the chief obstruction to its advancement being—it is believed—about to be removed, in the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, there is no reason why Congress should not take immediate steps to provide for the opening of this great waterway between the two oceans and make provision for its early completion. Such, it is believed, will be the action of the approaching Congress.

Our outlying possessions will necessarily come in for their share of legislative consideration and action, such as present conditions and prospective policy may seem to require, with a view to carrying out our avowed purpose so often expressed and made known and reaffirmed in our national platform: "The largest measure of self-government consistent with their welfare and our duties shall be secured to them by law."

These are some important measures which demand speedy and conclusive consideration at the hands of the approaching Congress and command legislative action.

The party now dominating the country, having laid down its platform of party faith, appealed to the country and "confidently invoked the approving judgment of the American people." That judgment has been rendered, and it now devolves upon the party to see to it that the pledges, upon the faith of which that judgment was secured, are faithfully kept and promptly redeemed.



SENATOR HOAR

JUSTICE HARLAN

SENATOR BERRY

CHAPLAIN MILBURN OF THE SENATE

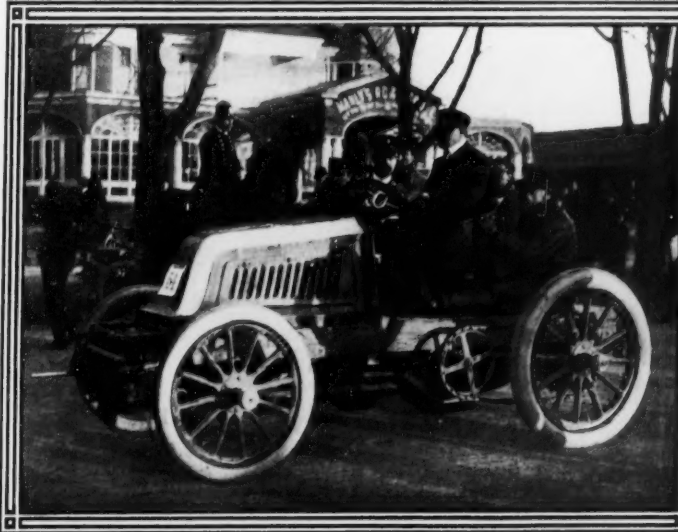
SENATOR SHOUP

SENATOR BOGGER

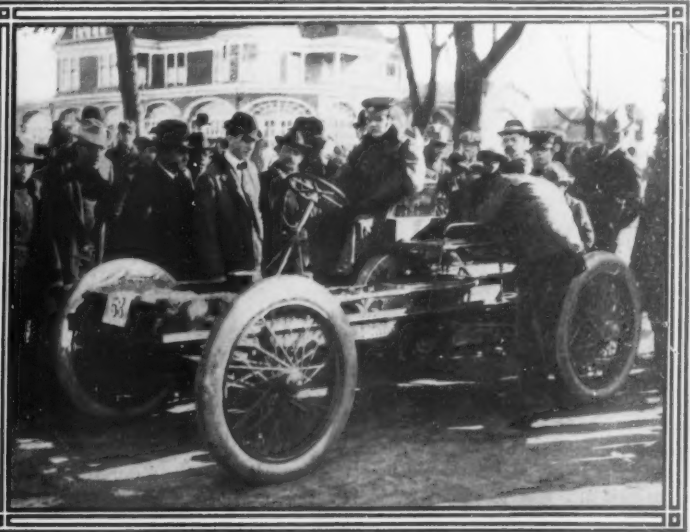
THE STEPS OF THE CAPITOL, AT THE OPENING OF THE FIFTY-SEVENTH CONGRESS

DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP

RECORD-BREAKING AUTOMOBILES

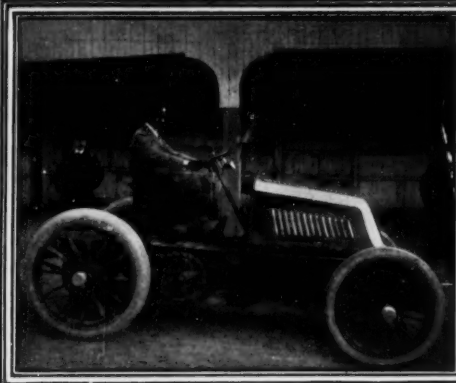


HENRI FOURNIER, THE FRENCH CHAMPION



ALBERT C. BOSTWICK READY TO START

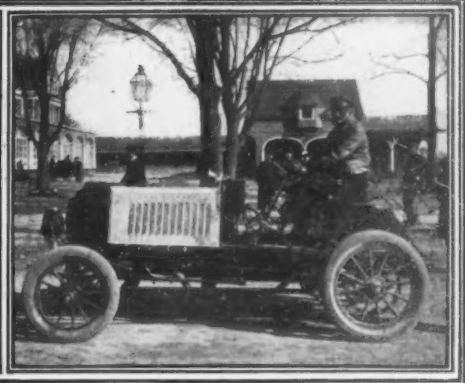
Copyright 1901 by G. G. Bell



FOXHALL KEENE IN HIS RACING MACHINE



FOURNIER GOING AT TOP SPEED



FOURNIER'S RECORD-BREAKING MACHINE

A NEW AUTOMOBILE RECORD was established November 16, on Long Island, at the races of the Long Island Automobile Club, the world's time for one mile being reduced to 51 4-5 seconds. Henri Fournier, the professional chauffeur who captured the Paris-Berlin race, was the winner. Foxhall Keene was next, losing to Fournier by nearly three seconds, and Albert C. Bostwick's time was two seconds worse than Keene's. Two others competed. Each competitor ran singly against time, and was al-



lowed two trials. The automobilists mentioned had entered in the class for gasoline vehicles weighing over two thousand pounds. The winner and Foxhall Keene rode French machines, Bostwick's carriage being of American make. Coney Island Boulevard, running from Brooklyn to Coney Island, was the scene of the race, which took place on a newly macadamized portion of the road, and was witnessed by twenty thousand people. The timing was attended to by men of the Signal Service Corps, who stretched a wire along the course

WITH THE PAN-AMERICAN CONFERENCE

By OSCAR KING DAVIS, Special Correspondent in Mexico for Collier's Weekly

CITY OF MEXICO, NOVEMBER 12

IT BEGINS to look as if the Pan-American Conference would hold its New Year's Eve watch meeting in this city. It is now a month since the first session was held, and so far there is nothing in sight but opposition to the plans that have been presented, and of these there have been only four, three of which were submitted by the Mexicans. Of course it takes time for so many men of so many minds to reach anything like an agreement. Whatever else one may have thought of the possibilities of the Conference, he is sure to have been told that many times by many delegates if he has been watching them these past few weeks.

On the surface, everything is arbitration. Next to arbitration comes the allied subject of the establishment of an international court of claims or tribunal of equity.

In the scheme adopted for the organization of the Conference there are appointed nineteen committees, so that every State may have a chairmanship; and one enterprising young man, who is accredited from both Ecuador and Santo Domingo, has united in himself all the honors to which these two countries are entitled. This enlargement of the list of committees was accomplished by the American delegation, and yet there are not wanting those who say here that poli-

tics is a lost art as far as this delegation is concerned. A list of these nineteen committees is necessary to comprehend all that is expected of the distinguished gentlemen who have come to Mexico in their important diplomatic capacity.

Nine of the delegates, with Senator Henry G. Davis of the American delegation as their chairman, form the committee which will do what it can to further the plan for an intercontinental railway, which has received so much encouragement since the idea first took definite shape at the first Conference held in Washington eleven years ago. Much has been done in those eleven years in the way of building the links which, when connected, will form the unbroken line from South to North.

Seven members were appointed a committee to consider the matter of the codification of international law, and five were named to consider the reorganization of the Bureau of American Republics. His Excellency Señor Don Luis Felipe Corea, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of Nicaragua in the United States and also in Mexico, is the chairman of this committee, and if the half of his high ambition for the Bureau is realized, it will become one of the most useful institutions and one of the best agents for the promotion of universal peace in the New World that could be devised.

At first blush it might not appear just what the committee of three on the "Practice of the Learned Professions and Literary Relations" is expected to do. One irreverent American, after attending the *Velada* given for the delegates the other evening, suggested that its function was to curtail entertainments of that sort.

If the committee of seven on Resources and Statistics succeeds in making a report that is not full of the materials of its name, it will surprise the Conference and accomplish a great work. Agriculture and Industry offers a much better opportunity to be interesting to its five members, yet no one seems to thrill on this subject as yet. There is also a committee of five to discuss the matter of an interoceanic canal, although probably there is not a man in the Conference who does not understand thoroughly that that is a matter which will be taken care of by the United States without the assistance of any outsiders.

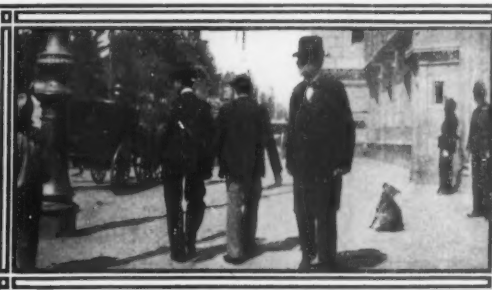
Meantime the American delegates are trying to observe their instructions to keep discreetly in the background. We have no propositions to offer, but are ready to agree with everything we can accept and to oppose nothing that we can stand. It is a very interesting and delicate situation for our delegates, and they are bearing themselves tactfully under it.



DR. LUIS F. COREA OF NICARAGUA



SENOR MARTIN GARCIA MEROU, DELEGATE FROM THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC



SENATOR DAVIS LEAVING THE NATIONAL PALACE AFTER A DIVISION OF THE CONFERENCE

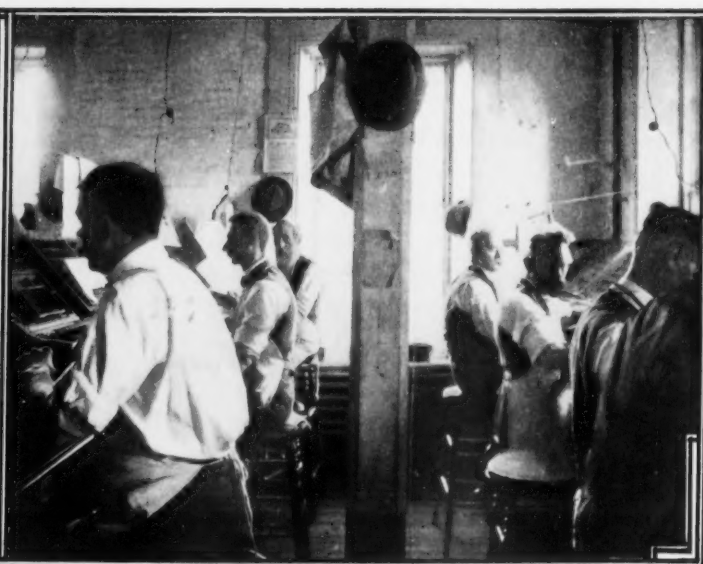


DELEGATE PEPPER AND DIRECTOR FOX

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE



GATHERING AND BINDING THE MESSAGE



COMPOSITORS SETTING THE MESSAGE

PROMPTLY at the moment appointed for the convening of Congress, a messenger from the White House will mount the steps of the Capitol, carrying a very important document—Theodore Roosevelt's first Message to Congress. The bearer of this precious epistle, Mr. O. L. Pruden, assistant secretary to the President, has delivered all the messages of Presidents since the time of Grant—perhaps thirty messages all told, in ten administrations.

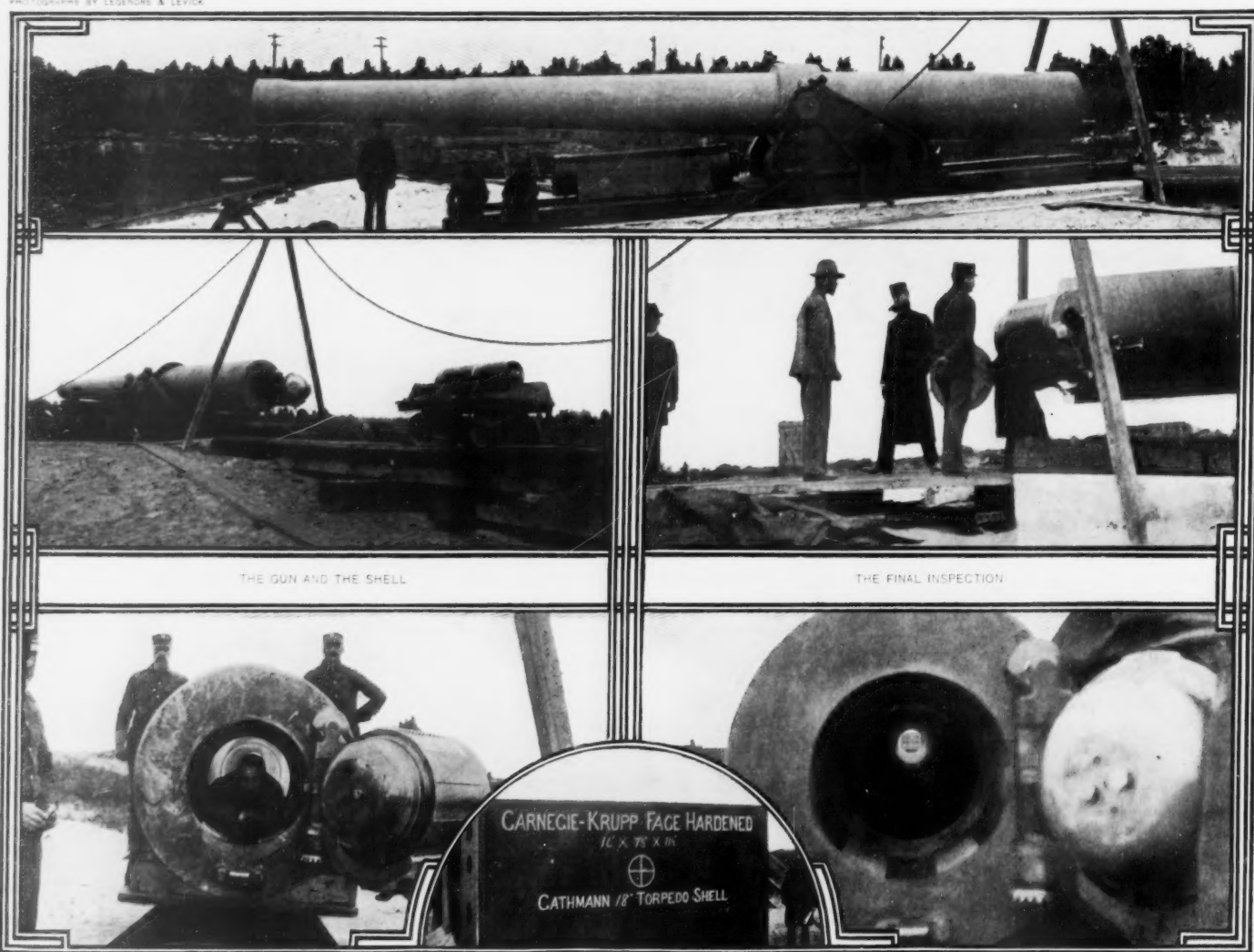
The document in the large envelope under Mr. Pruden's

arm on this Monday, December 2, will have passed through more than one hundred different hands, and yet not more than a dozen persons, besides Mr. Roosevelt, will know what it contains. These privileged few include the White House stenographer, Private Secretary Cortelyou, and the members of the Cabinet.

Why is the President's message so closely guarded? Why are its contents kept so profoundly secret? Principally to give all persons in any way interested in business ventures, or in

the stock market, an equal chance. The policies recommended by the President in this message largely influence national legislation. Whatever he favors will send stocks up; that which he frowns upon will "bear" the market. Imagine the millions to be made in Wall Street—using Wall Street as a synonym for the whole financial and commercial world—if certain clauses in Mr. Roosevelt's message were to become known to certain individuals, before the matter became public intelligence!

TESTING THE GATHMANN 18-INCH GUN



THE GUN AND THE SHELL

THE FINAL INSPECTION

LOOKING INTO THE BREECH

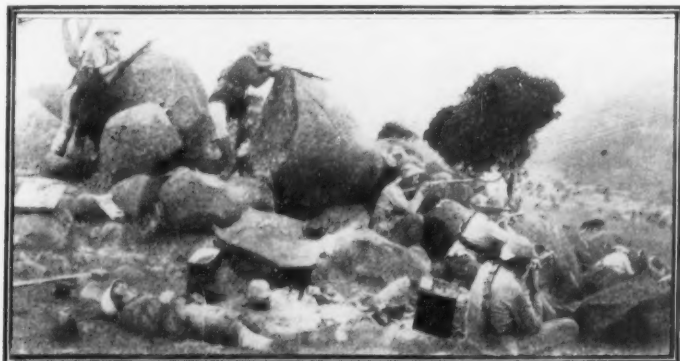
THE TARGET

LOOKING THROUGH THE GUN AT THE TARGET

The 18-inch gun invented by Louis Gathmann was tested in the presence of United States army officers at the Sandy Hook proving grounds November 15. A shell containing 500 pounds of wet guncotton was discharged against a target of face-hardened steel similar to that used on the turrets of the battle-

ship "Illinois." It was expected that this shell would destroy the target, but it only dented it. The Gathmann gun is 44 feet long and weighs 59 tons. The projectile is 71 inches long and weighs 1,830 pounds, 500 of which are wet guncotton. A second inconclusive test was made November 16

TWO SIMMERING WARS



A PARTY OF BOER SCOUTS SNIPING FROM A HILLTOP
This photograph was taken by an officer of Theron's Scouts while the men were actually sniping a British column



AN ALARM OF FIRE AT CATBALOGAN, ISLAND OF SAMAR
This photograph, taken by our special correspondent, shows a company of the Ninth Infantry suddenly summoned to fight an incendiary fire

The British and the Boers

By DOUGLAS STORY

THE ONLY BRITISH CORRESPONDENT ALLOWED WITHIN THE BOER LINES

THE FUTILITY of war as a political argument has received convincing demonstration in the present slowly expiring conflict in South Africa. Britain went to war with the two Republics to secure the settlement of South Africa. In the third year of the war she stands face to face with a more complicated problem, a stronger and more consolidated opposition and a less amenable population than at the outset. War has proved a crooked path to settlement.

War, to effect anything, must be real, must be earnest. To accomplish anything it must be waged as Kaiser Wilhelm urged his soldiers to wage it in China. A declaration of war is a license to kill one's country's enemy. Any departure from that is a trespass upon the gentle domesticities of politesse and aestheticism.

Much is being written and much asserted concerning the cruelty of the South African concentration camps. But they are a necessity of the case. Had this been real war, instead of dilatory campaigning, every acre of land in South Africa would have been laid waste by the troops passing over it—first, by the Boers retreating before the British; secondly, by the British seeking to corral a light-footed enemy depending entirely upon the country for his sustenance.

As it is, the British have brought the women and the children of the Boers into camps, have fed them, have nourished them, to the best of their ability have lightened the burden of war for them. Undertaken as a war measure, the plan has worked for the good of people seeking to live in a battle-wasted territory. Those who have denounced these camps are women and hysterical laymen, to whom a cut finger were sufficient excuse for fainting. The condition is bad, is horrible to contemplate, but is inseparable from war.

Lord Kitchener is no kid-gloved warrior, but there is no delight for him in suffering. I have campaigned with him too long not to know that none in the army will welcome more heartily the day when the women can return to their homes, the children to the healthy veldt, the men to their flocks and their oxen. It is to speed that happy day the present misery is necessary. So long as the Boer was free to farm to-day, to fight to-morrow, he could accomplish nothing. An enemy who had to glance at the implement upon his shoulder before he would name his occupation for the day—soldiering or husbanding—would tax the energies of a Minerva. Lord Kitchener is but a man in uniform.

The Boers may end the situation to-morrow, but they have the courage of their convictions. Meanwhile, if the statistics I have received from Brussels are to be credited, there were in the month of June 85,410 people in the camps, of whom 777 died, equivalent to an annual mortality of 109 per 1,000; in July there were 93,940, of whom 1,412 died, equivalent to an annual death rate of 180 per 1,000; in August there were 105,347, of whom 1,878 died, being equal to a yearly mortality of 214 per thousand.

Such figures need no comment. They speak against war as no advocate for peace spoke at The Hague Conference. But they assert nothing against the soldiers, only against those busy politicians on both sides who manufactured the war.

Lord Salisbury has said that, as he would, he could tell things would set the whole British nation smiling. Projectural humor is rarely satisfying, but it may be presumed the British Prime Minister had in mind a little scheme for the concentration in camps of all the Kaffirs in the war-stricken area. When that is done, the war is done. The Boers cannot live without food; such as they have comes from the natives and from sudden descents upon their enemy's stores. Remove the Kaffir and the Boer must starve or surrender. It is no nice alternative, but it is war.

It is because of that I was recently informed by an aide-de-camp to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales that the best opinion in South Africa dated the end of the war in March, 1902. More satisfactory, to my mind, was the news I recently received from Boer refugees in Holland that the war would end in May, at the beginning of the next South African winter, when fodder for horses was exhausted, when the nights were cold and beds on the open veldt were uninviting.

The question is, will the Boer men of family and the British men of heart stand so long the constant, unavoidable, wholly deplorable mortality of the women and children in the camps? The Boers will, because they have steeled themselves to it. It is more doubtful if the British will. Lord Salisbury has protested against "the eminent men of his nation who write and speak publicly as though they belonged to the enemy." He is justified in his protest. What-over of use war possesses as an argument rests on its absolute finality.



BOER SCOUTS BIVOUACKING

The Philippines Situation

By CAPTAIN JOHN H. PARKER, U.S.A.

UNTIL RECENTLY IN COMMAND OF THE PROVINCE OF BATANGAS

THE SITUATION is that of a convalescent patient. The affair in Samar is only a symptom. It is merely a local ulcer, resulting from the general disorder which has affected the whole body politic. The eruptions in Batangas and other localities are only other local symptoms of the general disease. The local eruptions require prompt and radical application of operative surgery for the removal of gangrenous tissue, to prevent blood-poisoning; the general condition of the patient requires steady administration of the tonics of good government, justice and education.

The local treatment indicated by the symptoms is radical extirpation. The unguents and emollients of "clemency," "pardon" and "amnesty" have been thoroughly tried, and have not, in these localities, abated the violence of the disease.

Malvar, the insurgent chief of Batangas, is a pure Tagalog. He is about forty-five years old, short, heavy set, energetic, shrewd, active, a good financier and organizer, but does not take a very active part personally in the fighting. He is an old-time revolutionist, having refused to participate in the treaty of Bue-na-Bato, and claims to be fighting for independence pure and simple. He is one of the ablest guerillas alive. He is feared by all the natives, greatly admired by his followers, and dispenses effective, though rude and summary, justice to those under his control. He uses the methods prescribed by the organization he serves, and does not hesitate to resort to heavy penalties to enforce his authority.

Lukban, the chieftain of Samar, is a Mestizo. He surrendered once, and took the oath of allegiance to the United States. Being defeated in an election for office under the civil government, he resumed hostilities about the time the volunteers left for final muster-out. This gave him a great advantage, as the new troops were necessarily unfamiliar with the conditions and with the country. He uses all the treacherous methods prescribed by the infamous organization which is the survival of the revolution. The recent loss of half a company through native treachery in Samar only emphasizes what every army officer of experience in the Philippines well knows, which is that no native who has been a Katipunian can be trusted in the present stage of our relations with them.

In such an outbreak as that in Samar justice must be done, examples made, in order that the disastrous results of such treachery be impressed on the people and future tranquillity be guaranteed. Vengeance has nothing to do with it. The best interests of the country itself require the prompt, stern application of military justice, in order to put an end to such conditions and to prevent their recurrence. To do this the guilty leaders must be caught. Among a people who are sullenly secretive and stoically indifferent by nature, who are under the awful fear of secret assassination if they reveal anything to the detriment of these guerilla chiefs, and are panic-stricken by what has occurred among them, this information can be obtained usually only by coercion.

The essential thing is to promptly, summarily punish the leaders who incite to such acts of treachery, on the spot, in the presence of their deluded followers, as an example and a warning to the poor, misguided people that revolutions by force, fraud and treachery must end.

I trust the readers of COLLIER'S will pardon me if I speak from personal experience. It has been large and varied, embracing, besides much active campaigning and many encounters, the organization of seven, and government of six, municipalities, containing an aggregate of 200,000 people. Afterward it included a systematic examination of the records of all trials of natives for serious crimes from the beginning of our occupation to June 20, 1901, for the whole archipelago. Based on that experience; speaking as candidly as man can speak; actuated by a real liking for the Filipino people, who have been more sinned against than sinning, and are to be pitied rather than condemned; actuated also by an earnest desire to set forth the real truth of the conditions there as I have seen them, with a view to their intelligent comprehension by the great American public, which pays the bills and has a right to know, and whose servant I am; it is my calm, deliberate and well-considered opinion that a few faithless, turbulent, revolutionary leaders are to blame for the whole trouble; that, but for them, the Filipino people would have waited quietly and patiently in the first place for the sympathetic and friendly action of the American people; that they would do so now, if freed from the terrorism imposed on them by these chiefs, and are doing so wherever that constraint is removed; that such men cannot now be trusted, and that whenever they are caught and proof of their guilt can be adduced the good of their own country requires that they be dealt with according to their offences.



SUSPECTS BEING BROUGHT INTO CATBALOGAN, SAMAR

IN THE FOG

By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

Author of "The Princess Aline," "Van Bibber and Others," Etc., Etc., Etc.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

PART II

IN THE DISCUSSION which followed the conclusion of the story of the Naval Attache the gentleman with the pearl took no part. Instead, he arose, and, beckoning a servant to a far corner of the room, whispered earnestly to him until a sudden movement on the part of Sir Andrew caused him to return hurriedly to the table.

"There are several points in Mr. Sears' story I want explained," he cried. "Be seated, Sir Andrew," he begged. "Let us have the opinion of an expert. I do not care what the police think, I want to know what you think."

But Sir Andrew rose reluctantly from his chair. "I should like nothing better than to discuss this," he said. "But it is most important that I proceed to the House. I should have been there some time ago." He turned toward the servant and directed him to call a hansom.

The gentleman with the pearl stud looked appealing at the Naval Attache. "There are surely many details that you have not told us," he urged; "some you have forgotten?"

The Baronet interrupted quickly. "I trust not," he said, "for I could not possibly stop to hear them."

"The story is finished," declared the Naval Attache; "until Lord Arthur is arrested or the bodies are found there is nothing more to tell of either Chetney or the Princess Zichy."

"Of Lord Chetney, perhaps not," interrupted the sporting-looking gentleman with the black tie, "but there'll always be something to tell of the Princess Zichy. I know enough stories about her to fill a book. She was a most remarkable woman." The speaker dropped the end of his cigar into his coffee cup and, taking his case from his pocket, selected a fresh one. As he did so he laughed and held up the case that the others could see it. It was an ordinary cigar-case of well-worn pigskin, with a silver clasp.

"The only time I ever met her," he said, "she tried to rob me of this."

The Baronet regarded him closely. "She tried to rob you?" he repeated.

"Tried to rob me of this," continued the gentleman in the black tie, "and of the Czarina's diamonds." His tone was one of mingled admiration and injury.

"The Czarina's diamonds?" exclaimed the Baronet. He glanced quickly and suspiciously at the speaker, and then at the others about the table. But their faces gave evidence of no other emotion than that of ordinary interest.

"Yes, the Czarina's diamonds," repeated the man with the black tie. "It was a necklace of diamonds. I was told to take them to the Russian Ambassador in Paris, who was to deliver them at Moscow. I am a Queen's Messenger," he added.

"Oh, I see," exclaimed Sir Andrew in a tone of relief. "And you say that this same Princess Zichy, one of the victims of this double murder, endeavored to rob you of—that cigar-case?"

"And the Czarina's diamonds," answered the Queen's Messenger imperturbably. "It's not much of a story, but it gives you an idea of the woman's character. The robbery took place between Paris and Marseilles."

The Baronet interrupted him with an abrupt movement. "No, no," he cried, shaking his arms in protest, "don't tempt me. I really cannot listen. I must be at the House in ten minutes."

"I am sorry," said the Queen's Messenger. He turned to those seated about him. "I wonder if the other gentlemen—?" he inquired tentatively. There was a chorus of polite murmurs, and the Queen's Messenger, bowing his head in acknowledgment, took a preparatory sip from his glass. At the same moment the servant to whom the man with the black pearl had spoken slipped a piece of paper into his hand. He glanced at it, frowned, and threw it under the table.

The servant bowed to the Baronet. "Your hansom is waiting, Sir Andrew," he said. "The necklace was worth twenty thousand pounds," began the Queen's Messenger. "It was a present from the Queen of England to celebrate—" The Baronet gave an exclamation of angry annoyance.

"Upon my word, this is most provoking," he interrupted. "I really ought not to stay. But I certainly mean to hear this." He turned irritably to the servant. "Tell the hansom to wait," he commanded, and, with the air of a boy who is playing truant, slipped guiltily into his chair.

The gentleman with the black pearl smiled blandly, and rapped upon the table.

"Order, gentlemen," he said. "Order for the story of the Queen's Messenger and the Czarina's Diamonds."

THE STORY OF THE QUEEN'S MESSENGER

"THE necklace was a present from the Queen of England to the Czarina of Russia," began the Queen's Messenger. "It was to celebrate the occasion of the Czar's coronation. Our Foreign Office knew that the Russian Ambassador in

Paris was to proceed to Moscow for that ceremony, and I was directed to go to Paris and turn over the necklace to him. But when I reached Paris I found he had not expected me for a week and was taking a few days' vacation at Nice. His people asked me to leave the necklace with them at the Embassy, but I had been charged to get a receipt for it from the Ambassador himself, so I started at once for Nice. The fact that Monte Carlo is not two thousand miles from Nice may have had something to do with making me carry out my instructions so carefully.

"Now, how the Princess Zichy came to find out about the necklace I don't know, but I can guess. As you have just heard, she was at one time a spy in the service of the Russian Government. And after they dismissed her she kept up her acquaintance with many of the Russian agents in London. It was probably through one of them that she learned that the necklace was to be sent to Moscow, and which one of the Queen's Messengers had been detailed to take it there. Still, I doubt if even that knowledge would have helped her if she had not also known something which I supposed no one else in the world knew but myself and one other man. And, curiously enough, the other man was a Queen's Messenger too, and a friend of mine. You must know that up to the time of this robbery I had always concealed my despatches in a manner peculiarly my own. I got the idea from that play called 'A Scrap of Paper.' In it a man wants to hide a certain compromising document. He knows that all his rooms will be secretly searched for it, so he puts it in a torn envelope and sticks it up where any can see it on his mantel-shelf. The result is that the woman who is ransacking the house to find it looks in all the unlikely places, but passes over the scrap of paper that is just under her nose. Sometimes the papers and packages they give us to carry about Europe are of very great value, and sometimes they are special makes of cigarettes and orders to court dress-makers. Sometimes we know what we are carrying and sometimes we do not. If it is a large sum of money or a treaty, they generally tell us. But, as a rule, we have no knowledge of what the package contains; so, to be on the safe side, we naturally take just as great care of it as though we knew it held the terms of an ultimatum or the crown jewels. As a rule, my confreres carry the official packages in a despatch box, which is just as obvious as a lady's jewel bag in the hands of her maid. Every one knows they are carrying something of value. They put a premium on dishonesty. Well, after I saw the 'Scrap of Paper' play, I determined to put the government valuables in the most unlikely place that any one would look for them. So I used to hide the documents they gave me inside my riding boots, and small articles, like money or jewels, I carried in an old cigar-case. After I took to using my case for that purpose I bought a new one, exactly like it, for my cigars. But to avoid mistakes, I had my initials placed on both sides of the new one, and the moment I touched the case, even in the dark, I could tell which it was by the raised initials.

"No one knew about this except the Queen's Messenger of whom I spoke. We once left Paris together on the Orient Express. I was going to Constantinople and he was to stop off at Vienna. On the journey I told him of my peculiar way of hiding things and showed him my cigar-case. If I recollect rightly, on that trip it held the grand cross of St. Michael and St. George, which the Queen was sending to our Ambassador. The Messenger was very much entertained at my scheme, and some months later when he met the Princess he told her about it as an amusing story. Of course, he had no idea she was a Russian spy. He didn't know anything at all about her, except that she was a very attractive woman. It was indiscreet, but he could not possibly have guessed that she could ever make any use of what he told her.

"Later, after the robbery, I remembered that I had informed this young chap of my secret hiding place, and when I saw him again I asked him about it. He was greatly distressed, and said he had never seen the importance of the



THE PRINCESS ZICHY

secret. He remembered he had told several people of it, and among others the Princess Zichy. In that way I found out that it was she who had robbed me, and I know now that from the moment I left London she was following me and that she knew then that the diamonds were concealed in my cigar-case.

"My train for Nice left Paris at ten in the morning. When I travel at night I generally tell the *chef de gare* that I am a Queen's Messenger, and he gives me a compartment to myself. But in the daytime I take whatever offers. On this morning I had found an empty compartment, and I had tipped the guard to keep every one else out, not from any fear of losing the diamonds but because I wanted to smoke. He had locked the door, and as the last bell had rung I supposed I was to travel alone, so I began to arrange my traps and make myself comfortable. The diamonds in the cigar-case were in the inside pocket of my waistcoat, and as they made a bulky package I took them out, intending to put them in my handbag. It is a small satchel like a bookmaker's, or those handbags that couriers carry. I wear it slung from a strap across my shoulder, and, no matter whether I am sitting or walking, it never leaves me.

"I took the cigar-case which held the necklace from my inside pocket and the case which held the cigars out of the satchel, and while I was searching through it for a box of matches I laid the two cases beside me on the seat.

"At that moment the train started, but at the same instant there was a rattle at the lock of the compartment, and a couple of porters lifted and shoved a woman through the door and hurried her rugs and umbrellas in after her.

"Instinctively I reached for the diamonds. I shoved them quickly into the satchel and, pushing them far down to the bottom of the bag, snapped the spring lock. Then I put the cigars in the pocket of my coat, but with the thought that now that I had a woman as a travelling companion I would probably not be allowed to enjoy them.

"One of her pieces of luggage had fallen at my feet, and a roll of rugs had landed at my side. I thought if I hid the fact that the lady was not welcome, and at once started in to be civil, she might permit me to smoke. So I picked her handbag off the floor and asked her where I might place it.

"As I spoke I looked at her for the first time, and saw that she was a most remarkably handsome woman.

"She smiled charmingly and begged me not to disturb myself. Then she arranged her own things around her, and, opening her dressing-bag, took out a gold cigarette-case.

"Do you object to smoke?" she asked.

"I laughed and assured her I had been in great terror lest she might not allow me to smoke.

"If you like cigarettes," she said, "will you try some of these? They are rolled especially for my husband in Russia, and they are supposed to be very good."

"I thanked her and took one from her case, and I found it so much better than my own that I continued to smoke her cigarettes throughout the rest of the journey. I must say that we got on very well. I judged from the coronet on her cigarette-case, and from her manner, which was quite as well-bred as that of any woman I ever met, that she was some one of importance, and though she seemed almost too good-looking to be respectable I determined that she was some grande dame who was so assured of her position that she could afford to be unconventional. At first she read her novel, and then she made some comment on the scenery, and finally we began to discuss the current politics of the Continent. She talked of all the cities in Europe and seemed to know every one worth knowing. But she volunteered nothing about herself except that she frequently made use of the expression, "When my husband was stationed at Vienna," or, "When my husband was promoted to Rome." Once she said to me, "I have often seen you at Monte Carlo. I saw you when you won the pigeon championship." I told her that I was not a pigeon shot, and she gave a little start of surprise. "Oh, I beg your pardon," she said, "I thought you were Morton Hamilton, the English champion." As a matter of fact, I do look something like Hamilton, but I know now that her object was to make me think that she had no idea as to who I really was. She needn't have acted at all, for I certainly had no suspicions and was only too pleased to have so charming a companion.

"The one thing that should have made me suspicious was the fact that at every station she made some trivial excuse to get me out of the compartment. She pretended that her maid was travelling back of us in one of the second-class carriages, and kept saying she could not imagine why the woman did not come to look after her, and if the maid did not turn up at the next stop would I be so very kind as to get out and bring her whatever it was she pretended she wanted?

"I had taken my dressing-case from the rack to get out a novel, and had left it on the seat opposite to mine, and at the end of the compartment furthest from her. And once when I came back from buying her a cup of chocolate, or from some other fool errand, I found her standing at my end of the compartment with both hands on the dressing-bag. She looked at me without so much as winking an eye, and shoved the case carefully into a corner. "Your bag slipped off on the floor," she said. "If you've got any bottles in it you had better look and see that they're not broken."

"And I give you my word, I was such an ass that I did open the case and looked all through it. She must have thought I was a Juggins. I get hot all over whenever I remember it. But in spite of my dullness, and her cleverness, she couldn't gain anything by sending me away, because what she wanted was in the handbag and every time she sent me away the handbag went with me.

"After the incident of the dressing-case her manner began to change. Either she had had time to look through it in my absence, or, when I was examining it for broken bottles, she had seen everything it held.

"From that moment she must have been certain that the cigar-case in which she knew I carried the diamonds was in the bag that was fastened to my body, and from that time on she probably was plotting how to get it from me.

"Her anxiety became most apparent. She dropped the great lady manner, and her charming condescension went with it. She ceased talking, and, when I spoke, answered me irritably, or at random. No doubt her mind was entirely occupied with her plan. The end of our journey was drawing rapidly nearer, and her time for action was being cut down with the speed of the express train. Even I, unsuspecting as I was, noticed that something was very wrong

with her. I really believe that before we reached Marseilles if I had not, through my own stupidity, given her the chance she wanted, she might have stuck a knife in me and rolled me out on the rails. But as it was, I only thought that the long journey had tired her. I suggested that it was a very wearing trip and asked her if she would allow me to offer her some of my cognac.

"She thanked me and said no, and then suddenly her eyes lighted, and she exclaimed, 'Yes, thank you, if you will be so kind.'

"My flask was in the handbag, and I placed it on my lap and with my thumb I slipped back the catch. As I keep my tickets and railroad guide in the bag, I am so constantly opening it that I never bother to lock it, and the fact that it is strapped to me has always been sufficient protection. But I can appreciate now what a satisfaction, and what a torment too, it must have been to that woman when she saw that the bag opened without a key.

"While we were crossing the mountains I had felt rather chilly and had been wearing a light racing coat. But after the lamps were lighted the compartment became very hot and stuffy, and I found the coat uncomfortable. So I stood up, and, after first slipping the strap of the bag over my head, I placed the bag in the seat next me and pulled off the racing coat. I don't blame myself for being careless; the bag was still within reach of my hand, and nothing would have happened if at that exact moment the train had not stopped at Arles. It was the combination of my removing the bag and our entering the station at the same instant which gave the Princess Zichy the chance she wanted to rob me.

"I needn't say that she was clever enough to take it. The train ran in the station at some speed and came to a sudden stop. I had just thrown my coat into the rack, and had reached out my hand for the bag. In another instant I would have had the strap around my shoulder. But at that moment the Princess threw open the door of the compartment and beckoned wildly at the people on the platform. 'Natalie!' she called; 'Natalie! here I am. Come here! This way!'

She turned upon me in the greatest excitement. "My maid!" she cried. "She is looking for me. She passed the window without seeing me. Go, please, and bring her back." She continued pointing out of the door and beckoning me with her other hand. There certainly was something about that woman's tone which made one jump.



When she was giving orders you had no chance to think of anything else. So I rushed out on my errand of mercy, and then rushed back again to ask what the maid looked like.

"In black," she answered, rising and blocking the door of the compartment. "All in black, with a bonnet."

"The train waited three minutes at Arles, and in that time I suppose I must have rushed up to over twenty women and asked, 'Are you Natalie?' The only reason I wasn't punched with an umbrella or handed over to the gendarme was that they probably thought I was crazy.

"When I jumped back into the compartment the Princess was seated where I had left her, but her eyes were burning with happiness. She placed her hand on my arm almost affectionately, and said in a most hysterical way, 'You are very kind to me. I am so sorry to have troubled you.'

"I protested that every woman on the platform was dressed in black.

"Indeed I am so sorry," she said, laughing; and she continued to laugh until she began to breathe so quickly that I thought she was going to faint.

"I can see now that the last part of that journey must have been a terrible half-hour for her. She had the cigar-case safe enough, but she knew that she herself was not safe. She knew if I were to open my bag, even at the last minute, and miss the case, I would know positively that she had taken it. I had placed the diamonds in the bag at the very moment she entered the compartment, and no one but our two selves had occupied it since. She knew that when we reached Marseilles she would either be twenty thousand pounds richer than when she left Paris, or that she would go to jail. That was the situation as she must have read it, and I don't envy her her state of mind during that last half-hour. It must have been hell.

"I saw that something was wrong, and in my innocence I even wondered if possibly my cognac had not been a little too strong. For she suddenly developed into a most brilliant conversationalist and applauded and laughed at everything even I said, firing off questions at me like a machine-gun, so that I had no time to think of anything else but of what she was saying. Whenever I stirred she stopped her chattering and leaned toward me, and watched me like a cat over a mouse-

hole. I wondered how I could have considered her an agreeable travelling companion. I thought I would have preferred to be locked in with a lunatic. I don't like to think how she would have acted if I had made a move to examine the bag, but as I had it safely strapped around me again, I did not open it, and I reached Marseilles alive. As we drew into the station she shook hands with me, and grinned at me like a Cheshire cat.

"I cannot tell you," she said, "how much I have to thank you for." What do you think of that for impudence?

"I offered to put her in a carriage, but she said she must find Natalie, and that she hoped we would meet again at the hotel. So I drove off by myself, wondering who she was, and whether Natalie was not her keeper.

"I had to wait several hours for the train to Nice, and as I wanted to stroll around the city, I thought I had better put the diamonds in the safe of the hotel. As soon as I reached my room I locked the door, placed the handbag on the table and opened it. I felt among the things at the top of it, but failed to touch the cigar-case. I shoved my hand in deeper, and stirred the things about, but still I did not reach it. A cold wave swept down my spine, and a sort of emptiness came to the pit of my stomach. Then I turned red-hot, and the sweat sprang out all over me. I wet my lips with my tongue, and said to myself, 'Don't be an ass. Pull yourself together, pull yourself together. Take the things out, one at a time. It's there, of course it's there. Don't be an ass.'

"So I put a brake on my nerves and began very carefully to pick out the things one by one, but after five seconds I could not stand it another instant, and I rushed across the room and threw out everything on the bed, but the diamonds were not among them. I pulled the things about and tore them open and shuffled and rearranged and sorted them, but it was no use. The cigar-case was gone. I threw everything in the dressing-case out on the floor, although I knew it was useless to look for it there. I knew that I had put it in the bag. I sat down and tried to think. I remembered I had put it in the satchel at Paris just as that woman had entered the compartment, and I had been alone with her ever since, so it was she who had robbed me. But how? It had never left my shoulder. And then I remembered that it had—that I had taken it off when I had changed my coat and for the few moments that I was searching for Natalie. I remembered that the woman had sent me on that goose-chase and at every other station she had tried to get rid of me on some fool errand.

"I gave a roar like a mad bull, and I jumped down the stairs six steps at a time.

"I demanded at the office if a distinguished lady of travel, possibly a Russian, had just entered the hotel.

"As I expected, she had not. I sprang into a cab and inquired at two other hotels, and then I saw the folly of trying to catch her without outside help, and I ordered the fellow to gallop to the office of the Chief of Police. I told my story, and the ass in charge asked me to calm myself and wanted to take notes. I told him this was no time for taking notes but for doing something. He got wrathful at that, and I demanded to be taken at once to his Chief. The Chief, he said, was very busy and could not see me. So I showed him my silver greyhound. In eleven years I had used it but once before. I stated in pretty vigorous language that I was a Queen's Messenger, and that if the Chief of Police did not see me instantly he would lose his official head. The fellow jumped off his high horse at that and ran with me to his Chief—a smart young chap, a colonel in the army, and a very intelligent man.

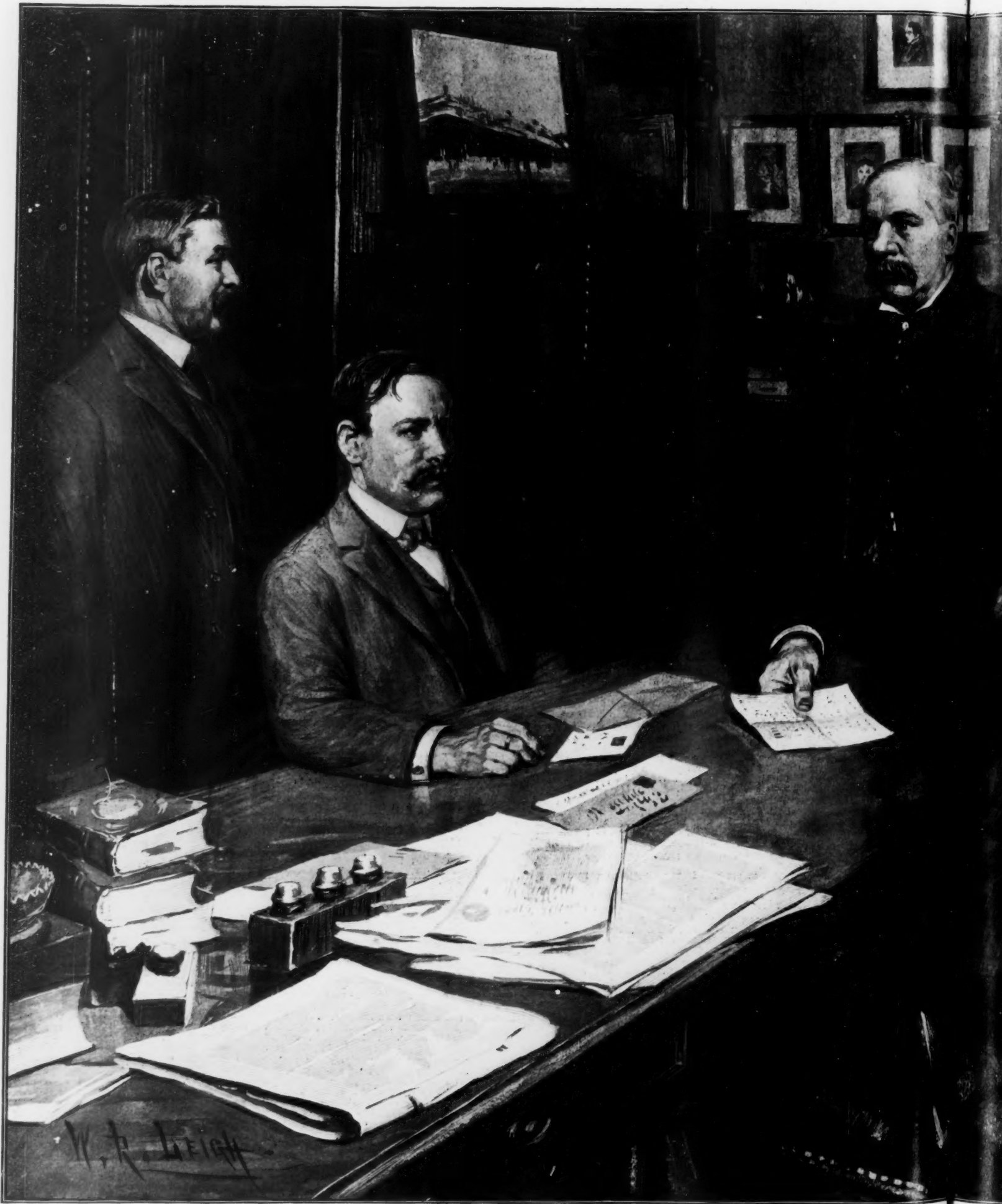
"I explained that I had been robbed in a French railway carriage of a diamond necklace belonging to the Queen of England, which her Majesty was sending as a present to the Czarina of Russia. I pointed out to him that if he succeeded in capturing the thief he would be made for life, and would receive the gratitude of three great powers.

"He wasn't the sort that thinks second thoughts are best. He saw Russian and French decorations sprouting all over his chest, and he hit a bell and pressed buttons and yelled out orders like the captain of a penny steamer in a fog. He sent her description to all the city gates and ordered all cabmen and railway porters to search all trains leaving Marseilles. He ordered all passengers on outgoing vessels to be examined, and telegraphed the proprietors of every hotel and pension to send him a complete list of their guests within the hour. While I was standing there he must have given at least a hundred orders, and sent out enough commissaires, sergeants de ville, gendarmes, bicycle police, and plain-clothes Johnnies to have captured the entire German army. When they had gone he assured me that the woman was as good as arrested already. Indeed, officially, she was arrested; for she had no more chance for escape from Marseilles than from the Chateau d'If.

"He told me to return to my hotel and possess my soul in peace. Within an hour he assured me he would acquaint me with her arrest.

"I thanked him, and complimented him on his energy, and left him. But I didn't share in his confidence. I felt that she was a very clever woman, and a match for any and all of us. It was all very well for him to be jubilant. He had not lost the diamonds and had everything to gain if he found them; while I, even if he did recover the necklace, would only be where I was before I lost them, and if he did not recover it I was a ruined man. It was an awful facer for me. I had always prided myself on my record. In eleven years I had never mislaid an envelope nor missed taking the first train. And now I had failed in the most important commission that had ever been intrusted to me. And it wasn't a thing that could be hushed up either. It was too conspicuous, too spectacular. It was sure to invite the widest notoriety. I saw myself ridiculed all over the Continent, and perhaps dismissed, even suspected of having taken the thing myself.

"I was walking in front of a lighted café, and I felt so sick and miserable that I stopped for a pick-me-up. Then I considered that if I took one drink I would probably, in my present state of mind, not want to stop under twenty, and I decided I had better leave it alone. But my nerves were jumping like a frightened rabbit, and I felt I must have something to quiet them or I would go crazy. I reached for my cigarette-case, but a cigarette seemed hardly adequate, so I put it back again and took out this cigar-case in which I keep only the strongest and blackest cigars. I opened it and stuck in my fingers, but instead of a cigar they touched on a thin leather envelope. My heart stood perfectly still. I did not dare to look, but I dug my finger-nails into the



E. H. HARRIMAN

GEORGE J. GOULD

J. PIERPONT MORGAN

A CONFERENCE OF AMERICA'S GREAT

THIS DRAWING WAS MADE FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND SKETCHES FROM LIFE, AND REPRESENTS A SPECIAL BUSINESS SESSION OF THE CONFERENCE.

(SEE PAGE 11)



J. J. HILL

DRAWN BY W. R. LEIGH

GREATEST RAILROAD MAGNATES

BUSINESS SESSION HELD IN THE OFFICE OF J. PIERPONT MORGAN, WHERE THE GREAT RAILROAD DEALS WERE CONSUMMATED

IN THE FOG By Richard Harding Davis

letter and I felt layers of thin paper, then a layer of cotton, and then they scratched on the facets of the Czarina's diamonds!

"I stumbled as though I had been hit in the face, and fell back into one of the chairs on the sidewalk. I tore off the wrappings and spread out the diamonds on the cafe table; I could not believe they were real. I twisted the necklace between my fingers and crushed it between my palms and tossed it up in the air. I believe I almost kissed it. The women in the cafe stood up on the chairs to see better, and laughed and screamed, and the people crowded so close around me that the waiters had to form a bodyguard. The proprietor thought there was a fight, and called for the police. I was so happy I didn't care. I laughed, too, and gave the proprietor a five-pound note and told him to stand every one a drink. Then I tumbled into a fiacre and galloped off to my friend the Chief of Police. I felt very sorry for him. He had been so happy at the chance I gave him and he would be so disappointed when he learned I had sent him off on a false alarm.

"But now that I had the necklace I did not want him to find the woman. Indeed, I was most anxious that she should get clear away. For if she were caught, the truth

would come out and I was likely to get a sharp reprimand, and sure to be laughed at.

"I could see now how it had happened. In my haste to hide the diamonds when the woman was hustled into the car I had shoved the cigars into the satchel and the diamonds into the pocket of my coat. Now that I had the diamonds safe again, it seemed a very natural mistake. But I doubted if the Foreign Office would think so. I was afraid it might not appreciate the beautiful simplicity of my secret hiding-place. So when I reached the police station and found the Princess was still at large I was more than relieved.

"As I expected, the Chief was extremely chagrined when he learned of my mistake and that there was nothing for him to do. But I was feeling so happy myself that I hated to have any one else miserable, so I suggested that this attempt to steal the Czarina's necklace might be only the first of a series of such attempts, and that I might still be in danger from an unscrupulous gang.

"I winked at the Chief and the Chief smiled at me, and we went to Nice together in a saloon car with a guard of twelve carabinieri and twelve plain-clothes men, and the Chief and I drank champagne all the way. We marched together up to the hotel where the Russian Ambassador

was stopping, closely surrounded by our escort of carabinieri, and delivered the necklace with the most profound ceremony. The old Ambassador was immensely impressed, and when we hinted that already I had been made the object of an attack by robbers, he assured us that his Imperial Majesty would not prove ungrateful.

"I wrote a swinging personal letter about the invaluable services of the Chief to the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, and they gave him enough Russian and French medals to satisfy even a French soldier. So, though he never caught the woman, he received his just reward."

The Queen's Messenger paused and surveyed the faces of those about him in some embarrassment.

"But the worst of it is," he added, "that the story must have got about; for, while the Princess obtained nothing from me but a cigar-case and five excellent cigars, a few weeks after the coronation the Czar sent me a gold cigar-case with his monogram in diamonds. And I don't know yet whether that was a coincidence or whether the Czar wanted me to know that he knew that I had been carrying the Czarina's diamonds in my pigskin cigar-case. What do you fellows think?"

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

THE GREAT "NORTHERN PACIFIC DEAL"

By RAY STANNARD BAKER



E. T. JEFFERY
PRESIDENT OF THE DENVER AND
RIO GRANDE RAILROAD



HENRY M. FLAGLER
PRESIDENT OF THE FLORIDA
EAST COAST RAILROAD



E. B. THOMAS
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD OF THE
ERIE RAILROAD



MARVIN HUGHITT
PRESIDENT OF THE CHICAGO AND
NORTHWESTERN RAILROAD



STUYVESANT FISH
PRESIDENT OF THE ILLINOIS
CENTRAL RAILROAD



A. J. CASSATT
PRESIDENT OF THE PENNSYLVANIA
RAILROAD

PRESIDENTS OF SIX IMPORTANT TRANSPORTATION LINES OF THE UNITED STATES

A STAID FINANCIAL JOURNAL, as little given to superlatives as a book of logarithms, has called the Northern Pacific panic of last May "the most extraordinary event in Wall Street history." That event now finds a fitting sequel in the organization of the second largest corporation in the world, a corporation which will regulate, if not control, most of the traffic, by land or sea, in the hemisphere between Chicago and China. A fact so big with meaning as this comes slowly to the understanding. We must patiently add millions to millions, ships to ships, railroad lines to railroad lines, and even then we have only an unmeaning statistical skeleton, dim and overpowering. But presently we begin to feel the animating spirit, the hidden life, of all these great things.

It is not of so much importance, after all, that this corporation owns three railroad systems with twenty thousand miles of track, and many ships, and has gross earnings beyond a hundred millions a year, as it is that it has practically no competitor, that it is absolute dictator in its own territory, with monarchial powers in all matters relating to transportation. Nor does even this indicate the full significance of the facts. The most cursory examination will show that the men behind the new corporation are of those who control a large proportion of the other railroads of America, that the same influences sway the greatest corporation in the world, the United States Steel Corporation, which, in its turn, is closely intimate with that other financial power, the Standard Oil Company.

WHAT THE MAY PANIC DEVELOPED

The panic of last May indicated the existence of two powerful and bitterly opposed factions among the money interests of the country, factions well matched both in financial resources and in the astuteness of their leaders, a condition promising lively and wholesome competition in the railroad business of the country. But the formation of the new Northern Securities Company, with its four hundred million dollars of capital, showed that our money-masters regarded the struggle and panic of last spring as a grave mistake, that old grievances have now been forgotten, that, in short, we have reached a point in our history in which our great money interests will no longer fight, a condition of solidarity of capital. Indeed, nothing could reveal in a clearer light the fact that all the greatest financial interests in America are now firmly held in a sort of close corporation—a few friends, so to speak—some more or less of enormously wealthy and wealth-influencing men, having their offices within a stone's throw of Wall Street, New York City, who can get together any pleasant afternoon and dictate the policies and rule the destinies of a full half or more of the banking, industrial, commercial, and transportation interests of this half of the world.

In the light of these facts, which may well be called extraordinary, the little meeting which the newspapers report as having taken place on the night of November 11, and continuing until after two o'clock on the morning of the 12th, possesses not only the picturesque quality of a great event but is monumental in its significance. A little later, when we understood more fully the meaning of these huge financial operations, we may expect the anticipation to scramble for the table around which this gathering was held and for the pen with which the agreements were signed. Three men are reported to have attended the meeting, two of them, James J. Hill and George W. Perkins, representing one of the factions which precipitated the Black Thursday panic of last May; the third, E. H. Harriman, representing the other

faction. These were the dramatis personae; there may have been others present, but they were plainly supernumeraries.

THE DRAMATIS PERSONAE OF "RAILROADS, LIMITED"

James J. Hill began his career as a penniless truck driver in St. Paul, Minnesota, and came to build and own the Great Northern Railway, having over five thousand miles of track and earning something like thirty million dollars a year. He also controls a line of steamships on the Pacific Ocean and another on the Great Lakes. He lives rarely in a palace set on a hill in St. Paul, and has an office in New York. He is bearded like a Methodist parson, suggests his self-education in his speech, and never forgets a friend. To an enormous natural capacity for work and for the direction of large affairs he adds a notable financial astuteness. He has long been recognized as the railroad king of the Northwest. At this midnight conference he represented not only his own large interests, but, in company with Mr. Perkins, the greater interests of J. Pierpont Morgan, and, behind him, the Vanderbilts and their many associates.

Opposed to Mr. Hill was E. H. Harriman, who may well be called the railroad king of the Southwest. Mr. Harriman is said to carry California and Oregon in his fob. He controls the Southern Pacific and Union Pacific Railroads, some thirteen thousand miles in all, besides several lesser roads and a great steamship line on the Pacific Ocean. He is said to have behind him the Rockefellers and the Goulds, with all of their allied interests. Mr. Harriman is one of the most unapproachable men in Wall Street, a man who coins and spends silence. The only picture of Mr. Harriman at all familiar to the public is a dim snapshot, representing him in a derby hat which shades his eyes. A better picture could not have been made.

CHICAGO THE COVETED GOAL

These, then, were the two great money factions of the country: Morgan, Hill, Vanderbilt on one side; Harriman, Rockefeller, Gould on the other. The condition last spring was simple enough. Mr. Hill, whose financial imagination well matches his financial ambition, had, with Mr. Morgan's assistance, acquired large influence in the Northern Pacific Railway, thus giving him absolute railroad control of the northern part of Western America. But his lines ended at St. Paul and Duluth, and he wanted to get into Chicago. The solution seemed simple enough: buy a Chicago-St. Paul line. Mr. Morgan backing him, he tried to purchase control of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway, but failed. Then he began negotiations for the Burlington Railroad, and an agreement was shortly reached whereby that notable property, with over eight thousand miles of track, should pass to the control of the Great Northern and Northern Pacific. Mr. Harriman heard of this coup with alarm. The Burlington not only paralleled the Union Pacific, which he then owned or was rapidly acquiring, in many places throughout the West, but it was also a feeder for his lines, and he knew that if it passed into the hands of his rivals of the North, he could expect nothing but crushing competition. Being already a very large owner of Burlington stock, he went to Mr. Hill and demanded that the Union Pacific be admitted on even terms with the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern in the control of the Burlington. Mr. Hill, thinking himself secure, evidently said "No," and Mr. Morgan, having just completed the organization of that stupendous "community of interest," the Steel Corporation, in which he thought he had gathered all the money factions of the country in har-

mony, had sailed away to England to buy a steamship line. It is more than probable that if Mr. Morgan had been in New York the passage at arms between Hill and Harriman never would have reached the acute stage. For Mr. Morgan, though a hard fighter, is also a chary fighter, assuring himself of victory beforehand.

THE HARRIMAN COUP

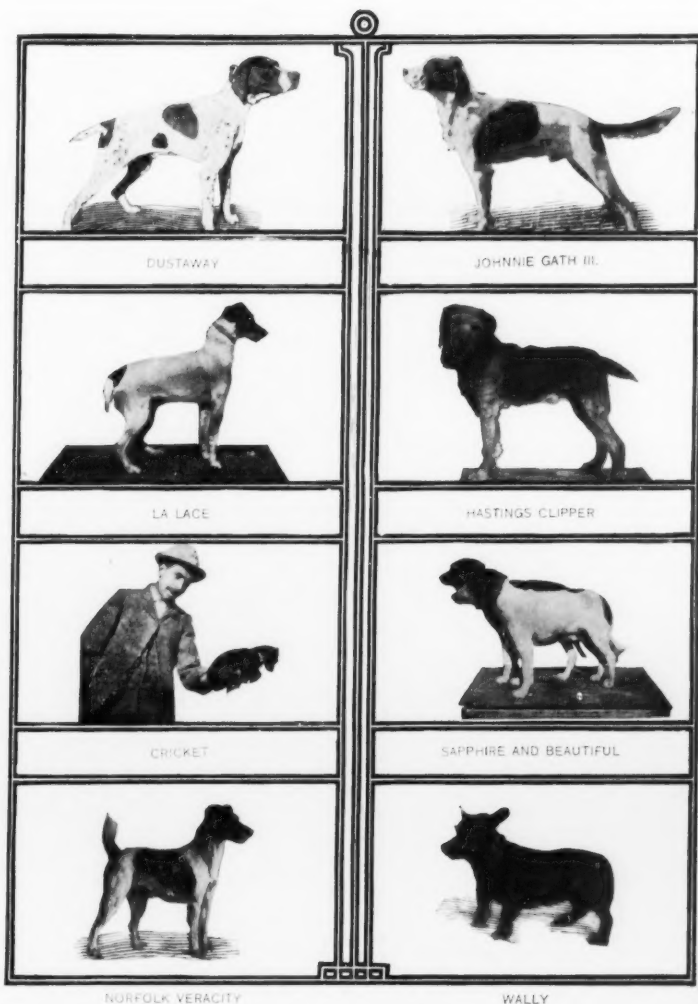
Mr. Harriman, finding himself thus cornered, followed the example of Hannibal the Carthaginian, and, by carrying the war into the enemy's country, performed one of the most astonishing and brilliant feats in financial history. Apparently resigning himself to defeat, for he did not even make the expected struggle to secure control of the Burlington, he was yet looking out sharply from under the rim of his derby hat. He employed the services of Mr. Schiff, of the firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., a concern which, though possessing great influence in "the Street," had been little identified with great railroad deals. He ascertained the fact that Mr. Hill and Mr. Morgan, though confident of their position, were not actually in full control of the Northern Pacific Railway. By subtleties best known to those who buy and sell within sound of Trinity bells, Mr. Schiff began to acquire Northern Pacific stock, here a little and there a little. "N. P." had only just arisen from the convalescence of bankruptcy, and was looked upon as a somewhat uncertain investment. On April 22 the price was around 101, on April 30 it was 117, and Wall Street woke up to the fact that something was happening; or, in the words of the little broker, "the big men were moving."

Added to this realization of some great hidden "deal" was the presence throughout the country of a virulent epidemic of gambling mania, which plunged the public, from Maine to California, into the speculating whirlpool of Wall Street. Prices of all stocks rose enormously. Perhaps those in the Harriman secret encouraged this general rise in order to cloak the attack on Northern Pacific. Be that as it may, "N. P." reached 133 on Monday, May 6, 149 on Tuesday, and went to 1,000—a thousand dollars for a hundred-dollar share—on Black Thursday, the 9th, and then the market broke with a crash, call money reaching sixty per cent.

MONEY-BAGS TO THE RESCUE

Many men and firms must have been ruined had not the associated banks poured twenty million dollars into the loaning market, J. P. Morgan & Co. alone offering six million dollars. The staid financial paper already quoted called the movement "as irresistible as a tropical cyclone." Even with this money, however, so many brokers had sold stock that was not really in existence to Morgan-Hill or to Harriman-Kuhn-Loeb, that ruin must have befallen many if these two rivals had not agreed to accept a comparatively small payment in settlement where stock could not be delivered. And Mr. Morgan's "Peace, be still" calmed the troubled waters of the London market. For a time both sides claimed victory, but it is now generally believed that Mr. Harriman and his associates were the winners, securing a controlling share of Northern Pacific stock.

Mr. Morgan, having purchased his steamship line, and having been charged with a desire to purchase all Europe besides, came home. And he was needed. All the parties to the controversy came together, and on May 31, twenty-two days after the panic, an agreement was reached, the essence of which was to agree, come what might. Mr. Vanderbilt was appointed referee, and Mr. Morgan, who was probably smarting under the defeat, was allowed to name certain new



DOGS OF HIGH DEGREE

Some of the prize winners at the recent Philadelphia Dog Show

directors of the Northern Pacific. And he carried out to the letter his principle of community of interest, appointing, first of all, Mr. Hill and Mr. Harriman, then Mr. William Rockefeller of the Harriman side, then Mr. H. McK. Twombly of the Hill side, then Mr. Samuel Rea of the Pennsylvania Railroad, a neutral safeguard.

And so the matter rested for six months, while the contestants gathered themselves together, counted their losses, smoothed over their difficulties, and, a few days ago, organized the stupendous Northern Securities Company, which takes over the control of the Great Northern, Northern Pacific, and Burlington Railroads. And while Mr. Hill is president of the new company, all the various interests are represented. It is well understood that Mr. Harriman not only secured what he first demanded, a share in the management of the Burlington Railroad, but it is more than whispered that the Hill-Morgan faction were compelled to pay him a very large sum of money, some say fifteen million dollars, for his losses in the May battle.

As to the Northern Securities Company itself, no one seems to know definitely what are its real purposes or projects. An impression prevails that it is a sort of huge construction company organized to build or arrange still more formidable companies and combinations. And already a very ominous protest has arisen among the lawmakers of the West, intimating that the combination will not be permitted to do business. Prophets there are, also, in financial circles who assert that the huge corporation is capitalized at fair-weather, good-times prices, and that the first storm will shake its stability. But Wall Street pursues its way without a tremor, bidding already as high as 110 for the unissued stock of the corporation. For is not J. Pierpont Morgan behind it? What more could one ask?

A TRANSPORTATION CONSULATE COMING?

I have given the facts as they are generally reported among those who are well informed in Wall Street affairs. I suppose none outside the golden coterie know all the details, or how much was really gained or lost, or whether the powers are now actually more friendly than before or whether the bitterness still rankle. The future will find one of its great problems in deciding just how big a business enterprise must become before the public is entitled to know the full details of its management. At present, these great ones make publicity serve their purposes with consummate

ability. It is to them a sort of 13-inch gun which makes almost as much impression when quiet as when fired. Their very silence is thunderous. So one never knows when the bottom facts are reached. But this much is certain: the same dozen or more men are today in control of nearly all the great railroads of America and of the greatest industries besides. Read that fascinating and enlightening work, "The Directory of Directors," and you shall see with what humdrum monotony the names of Mr. Morgan's firm, members of the Rockefeller family, of the Goulds and Vanderbilts, of Hill and Harriman, appear in the high places of all the greatest corporations, banks, and railroads. You can now ride from England to China on regular lines of steamships and railroads without once passing from the protecting hollow of Mr. Morgan's hand. Only two of the greater railroad systems in America are yet free of the domination of this round-table of millionaires—the Pennsylvania and the Santa Fe—and who shall say that these will long escape? The sun may truthfully be said never to set on their possessions.

All this raises the fascinating speculation as to the final millionaire and railroad owner. The tendency has all been to crowd possession into fewer and fewer hands. Will any one man ever reach railroad omnipotence in America? Is it possible that the time will come when an imperial M will repose within the wreath of power?

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Pears'

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It was made for a hospital soap in the first place, made by request, the doctors wanted a soap that would wash as sharp as any and do no harm to the skin. That means a soap all soap, with no free alkali in it, nothing but soap; there is nothing mysterious in it. Cost depends on quantity; quantity comes of quality.

Sold all over the world.



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We claim Purity and Safety, and Substantiate this claim with Chemists' Certificates.

Note the blue label used by us (and fully sustained by recent U. S. Circuit Court decision) to distinguish our absolutely pure Agate Nickel-Steel Ware. This label is pasted on every piece of genuine Agate Ware.

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NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO

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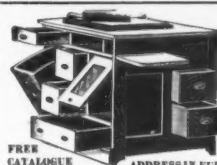
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"I hear you. I can hear now as well as anybody."

"How? Oh, something new—The Morley Ear-drum. I've a pair in my ears now, but you can't see 'em—they're invisible. I wouldn't know I had 'em in myself, only that I hear all right."

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will relieve and cure chapped hands, lips, rash, sunburn, chafed or rough skin from any cause. Prevents tendency to wrinkles or aging of the skin. Keeps the face and hands soft, smooth, firm and white. It has no equal. Take no substitute.

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Cheaper than kerosene, more light than ten electric bulbs. Needed in homes, stores, halls, churches, etc. Conforms to all insurance underwriters' rulings. Write for terms. Mention territory wanted. Sun Vapor Light Co. (licensee of the ground patent for vapor lamps), Box 507, Canton, Ohio.

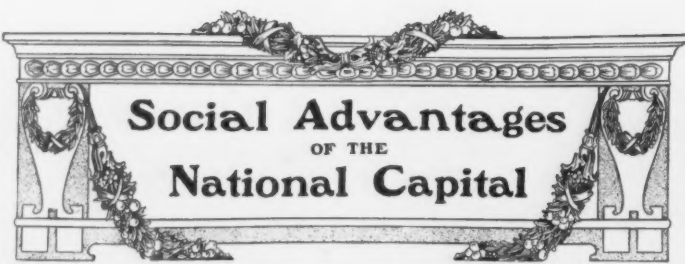
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Social Advantages OF THE National Capital

By MRS. GENERAL NELSON A. MILES



MRS. MILES
Photograph by Clinebell

In a season spent at the seat of government, sufficient time and attention should be devoted to observing the administration of the three great co-ordinate branches of our government—viz., the Executive, Legislative, and Judicial Departments—which will demonstrate the beautiful harmony with which the various Departments are conducted, and will enable one to more than ever appreciate the genius and patriotism of the founders of our system of free and liberal government.

SOCIETY OUT OF DOORS

The winter is becoming the popular season for a visit to Washington; yet during that season one loses much of the charms of the capital which consist in Nature's adornments. Every street, avenue, circle, and park is adorned with the foliage of beautiful trees and shrubbery, and hence, from a physical point of view, springtime and autumn are the most attractive seasons. There are more than five thousand acres in the public parks and Government reservations in the District of Columbia. These include Arlington and the Soldiers' Home; but, aside from the larger ones, such as the Smithsonian, Lafayette, and Franklin, there are more than three hundred others scattered in all parts of the city. Within these "breathing spots" are many monuments of marble, granite, and bronze, ranging from the majestic Washington shaft in Monument Park to the less imposing ones in the minor reservations. These monuments are most instructive in themselves. No pen could tell the story of the war of the sixties in more eloquent vein than do the broken shackles of the Emancipation Group in Lincoln reservation at the east of the city. Peace Monument, at the foot of the Capitol, speaks unmistakably, and all of the statues suggest an incident of history or are reared in memory of some great man.

Washington brings together not only the brightest intellects of our own country but it is fast becoming one of the most cosmopolitan cities of the world. In the Diplomatic Corps thirty-five nations have representation. Each of these thirty-five nations has established an embassy or legation including from one to three homes. These embassies and legations are bits of foreign property right on our own soil, where the customs and usages of the lands they come from are maintained and respected. It is a large representation of the best brain and talent of the rest of the nations of the globe, and it adds an educational feature to our capital not to be lightly considered.

CONGRESS, CENTRE OF ATTRACTION

That which is always of the utmost interest to the visitor at Washington is the Congress of the United States. The beautiful white marble building on Capitol Hill opens its wide doors each winter to our four hundred and forty lawmakers, and within its walls Senators and Representatives make the laws and devise methods for conducting the affairs of the nation. If important issues are pending, important speeches are sure to be made on the floor of the Senate or House which always fill the galleries to standing room. One can form but little idea of the transactions of these legislative bodies by simply listening to them for a week or two, but to watch Congress in session long enough to really understand

what it is doing will give an insight into legislative methods that can be obtained in no other way.

The eight Departments of the Government, with their mammoth bureaus, are another educational advantage of Washington. Particularly is this true of the Smithsonian Institution, that peerless bureau of knowledge which was established by the generosity of the Englishman James Smithson nearly a century ago. His object was to found an institution for the increase of knowledge by original investigation and study and to disseminate this knowledge by publication throughout the young Republic. This object has long ago become a reality far beyond the dream of the founder. Scientists the world over are grateful to it because of the reports known as the "Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge," which are sent to the leading scientific societies in every quarter of the globe. Learned men not only from the United States but from foreign countries as well seek it as a place of reference and study.

EDUCATIONAL AND AESTHETIC ADVANTAGES

Although its National Museum cannot as yet compare with the British Museum in London, it is making rapid strides in that direction. One of its branches, the Army Medical Museum, is of great interest to physicians and medical students. It is under the direction of the Surgeon-General of the army and contains more than twenty-five thousand specimens illustrating the advances of military surgery and the provisions made for the diseases and casualties of war. The proximity to the Departments of State, War, and Navy, the Treasury, the Interior, or the Agricultural, affords ample opportunity to study the development of the government in these Departments and opens the way for research.

But aside from the educational advantage of these things, Washington offers many others. The finest musicians, the most learned lecturers, always appear on the Washington platforms. Here, if one but have the magic key of admittance, he will meet those who not only are making the history of the times, but its art and literature as well. The environs of the city, its art galleries, churches, theatres, clubs, are of the highest order and wield an educational influence in the right direction. The Corcoran Gallery of Art, that munificent gift of one of Washington's most distinguished citizens, will compare favorably with any in this country. It is filled with a rare display of pictures, statuary and bronzes, and it has in connection with it a large school for art students.

MECCA OF BRAINS AND BEAUTY

Socially, the national capital is incomparable. Merit and culture and refinement are the true aristocracy. Every person of note from the Continent, if he visit the United States at all, is sure to come here, just as an irresistible law of gravitation draws the Americans themselves to it. But aside from its distinguished visitors, the city is rapidly becoming the abiding-place, for the winter season, of people of wealth and refinement. Many beautiful homes have been put up during the past year, and as many more are now under construction. These are the property of well-known people who are making a winter residence of the capital. Many reasons account for this. Washington is unlike any of the great capitals of the world. It is the only capital which is not a large manufacturing or commercial city, hence its atmosphere is clear and its streets and avenues are in most excellent condition.

The clubs of Washington are another of its attractive features, both educationally and socially. The Cosmos stands at the head of the scientific clubs of the country and numbers among its large membership many of the leading scientists of the United States. The Army and Navy, the Metropolitan, the Alibi, the Chevy Chase, and the Country Clubs are social organizations and are as finely housed and equipped as those of any other city. They all add to the gaiety of society during the season, with their Germans and Assembly and other balls. The Alibi's Thanksgiving reception ranks among the star events of clubdom. The various golf associations arrange a series of fall and winter matches, and the enticing game is played at all of the meets until the snow flies.

PATRIOTISM IN ORGANIZED FORM

Washington abounds in patriotic societies. The Sons and Daughters of the American

Good Food Costs Less

when the "left overs" are saved for dainty croquettes, salads, soups, etc.

The Enterprise Food Chopper saves money by saving waste—lightens labor in the kitchen and makes scores of new and delicious dishes possible.

The Enterprise Meat & Food Chopper

is easy to use, can't break or rust. Chops coarse or fine. For sale at all hardware, department, and house-furnishing stores. Four cents brings the "Enterprise Housekeeper," 200 receipts.

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There are two sorts of lamp chimneys: mine and the rest of them.

MACBETH.

My name on every one.

If you'll send your address, I'll send you the Index to Lamps and their Chimneys, to tell you what number to get for your lamp.

MACBETH, Pittsburgh.

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A Positive Relief

CHAPPED HANDS, CHAFING, and all afflictions of the skin. "A little higher in price, perhaps, than worthless substitutes, but a reason for it." Delightful after shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c.

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METAL DOLL'S HEAD

with curly wig and glass eyes for 91c., postpaid; suitable for 18-inch doll. 50 other styles and sizes from 27c. to \$2.00. Money back if not satisfied. Minerva doll heads are easily adjusted to doll's body, combine all the durability of metal with the beauty of bisque and do not break. Ask your dealer or send for free catalogue to A. VISCHER & CO., Children's Dept., 11 Warren Street, New York.

This 50 Egg Bantling Special

is the equal of any incubator made in hatching quality. It costs less because it is smaller. The methods of heating, regulating, ventilating, etc. are thoroughly reliable and results are guaranteed. If you follow instructions, it's the biggest bargain in the hatch at the price. Fully described in our 20th Century Poultry Book. Sent for 10c. worth of eggs. We have 115 yards of thoroughbred poultry.

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MRS. FISKE
and her company in
THE UNWELCOME MRS. HATCH
An every-day drama by MRS. BURTON HARRISON

"HAPPYFOOT" Hair Insole

keeps feet warm and dry. Makes walking a pleasure. Relieves Rheumatism, Calluses, Tender and Perspiring Feet. Does not crowd the shoe. At all stores or sent 10c. a pair, 3 pair 25c., postage paid. Send size of shoe.

THE W. M. H. WILEY & SON CO., Box 52, Hartford, Conn.

DESIGNING ART WALL PAPERS

and the craft of making them is well exemplified in the "Nuremberg," a German Renaissance decoration by Hans E. Kinkel, and printed by the Pittsburgh Wall Paper Co., New Brighton, Pa. A quilt but inexpensive paper for halls and dining rooms. Ready in December.

THE RECENT "PARISIAN" BEAUTY SHOW

PHOTOGRAPH BY V. GRIBAYEDOFF



EXHIBITIONS OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN have become popular features of interest in many European capitals. This photograph shows the three prize winners of the latest held competition. The first-prize winner, seated in the centre of the picture, is Mme. Floval, a Belgian woman. On her left is a Greek noblewoman, Mlle. Reyma Kolokotronis, and next to her, Mme. de Carlota, the third-prize winner.

Revolution both have their permanent headquarters at the capital. The annual gathering of the Daughters always brings to it many patriotic and prominent women. The Woman's Army and Navy League and the Army Relief Society are national organizations which have undertaken a great work for the soldiers and sailors. The Army Relief in its short history has accomplished very much for the dependent widows and orphans of the regular army. It has assisted them in their hours of direst need, has helped the widows in securing pensions, and is enabling the orphans to secure the education that their fathers, who laid down their lives for their country, would have given them had they been spared.

NEW YORK PRESIDENT WILL MAKE GAY SEASON

A gay winter, socially, has already begun its merry whirl. In the official circles of the national capital the social season proper begins with the President's reception on New Year's Day. December is given over to making up one's calling list and, as far as possible, anticipating the demands of the society rush which is sure to follow the 1st of January. This year the "season" will be unusually short, as Lent comes in so early in February, but it will make up in gaiety what it lacks in time. The President will crowd in the official functions at the rate of two or three each week, and all society will have to do likewise or be sadly in arrears when Lent comes. But it will have to be acknowledged that Lent is not a conspicuously solemn occasion in Washington. The dancing is pretty generally discontinued, and theatre parties diminish to an appreciable extent, but the luncheons and dinners go on undisturbed. There are, too, so many musicals, art displays, and culture classes that even its holy hours do not bring much relief to the weary society devotee.

Yet even society has its educational characterization, and both educationally and socially Washington certainly offers unprecedented attractions.

THE FRENCH OF IT

THE FRENCH PEOPLE may give us a lead in many of the artistic necessities of life, but when it comes to those mechanical appliances which make the wheels of existence run smoothly, the limitations of the Frenchman are at once apparent. Whoever has been stranded in Paris, with a train to catch, at the mercy of a French workman called in for some trifling defect which would take an American perhaps half an hour to adjust, will appreciate the following extract from a letter received from an American girl in Paris: "The locksmith, after a lengthy examination, informed us that the lock was an American one. Perhaps he expected us to use one of Boer pattern. After he had rested from this declaration, he stated that he had no key in stock, and would be obliged to take the trunk with him and have one made. We objected, as we had already packed the box. He went away and returned in an hour with a companion, who held the trunk and gave advice while he unscrewed the lock. This they took away, and at about five o'clock—he had started in at two—he returned. After another half hour, the two men succeeded in getting the lock placed crooked, so that the key would not fit. A boy had been added to the com-

pany by this time, and soon the trio again disappeared to the mysterious place whence they had come. We dared not follow for fear of losing our tempers; we had lost everything else since we left home, so we sat on the balcony and looked at the Tour d'Eiffel. At six they returned for the last time, and after more tugging, hammering, pushing and pulling, the lock was adjusted, and the key turned and handed to us. We had agreed with them that the repair should be made for two francs, but as the day advanced we questioned if this sum would be sufficient for the wages of two men and a boy for an afternoon's work. When they had received the money they started for the door, then turned and commenced to gesticulate violently; we could not understand them, for they all spoke together. Of course we knew they were objecting to the smallness of the pay. We informed them that we had lived up to our part of the contract and would give them no more. More gesticulations from them, more denials from us; we all talked together, and with three on their side and two on ours, it is no wonder that Madame, our landlady, came to learn the cause of the disturbance. We changed our tone to one of calm and judicial severity, while we informed her that we had stipulated for two francs and did not intend to give more. Madame questioned the men. They stated their grievance. She turned toward us with a slightly ironic glance: "They say they have left their tools in the trunk and want you to unlock it so they can get them out!" We handed her the key, went out on the balcony, looked again at the Tour d'Eiffel and thought we could understand why De Maupassant left Paris on its account; it is irritating."

FOOD

TWICE TOLD TALES

No Meat Extracted From Them by Some Who Most Need the Facts.

We have more than twice told the reader of the fact that he or she may perhaps easily discover the cause of the daily ill feeling, and the experiment is not difficult to make.

But there are readers who think truths are for some one else and not for themselves.

Some day the oft told fact will flash upon us as applicable when the knowledge comes home, that day after day of inconvenience and perhaps suffering has been endured, the cause not being recognized or believed, although we may have been told of the cause many times over, but never believed it applied to us.

It would startle a person to know how many people suffer because they drug themselves daily with coffee. We repeat it, it is a powerful drug, and so affects the delicate nervous system that disease may appear in any part of the body, all parts being dependent for health on a healthy nervous system.

Relief from coffee for 30 days has cured thousands of people who never suspected the cause of their troubles.

The use of Postum Food Coffee is of great benefit to such, as it goes to work directly to rebuild the delicate cell structures from the elements nature selects for the work. Relief from a heavy drug and the taking of proper nourishment is the true and only permanent cure.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.—Adv.

A KODAK

Christmas is the Merriest Christmas.

Amid the festivities of Christmas-tide one often finds the greatest charm of picture taking. The children, the children's tree, the visit at the old home, the flash-light at an evening gathering, the merry sleighing party, the home portraits of one's friends—all these offer subjects that have a personal interest, that one cherishes more highly as the years go by.



"KODAK" stands for all that is Best in Photography.

Kodaks, \$5.00 to \$75.00.
Brownie Cameras, \$1.00 to \$2.00.
Christmas Booklet free at the Dealers or by Mail.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.
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"Perfection" AIR MATTRESSES (Trade Mark) In Camp—On The Yacht—Or At Home THE IDEAL BED OR COUCH Strictly hygienic—Non-absorbent—Odorless A BOON TO THE INVALID—A LUXURY FOR THE WELL. Light weight, and when deflated can be packed in small space. SEND FOR CATALOGUE AND PRICE LIST Mechanical Fabric Co., Providence, R. I.

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Whist Lessons Free.

A \$20.00 series of Whist Lessons by mail, free, with each set of Paine's Whist Trays bought from your dealer. Write us for particulars. Our booklet, "Simple Whist," teaches principles of the game in an evening. Mailed for 2-cent stamp.

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Neat, Compact, Durable—most satisfactory for playing Duplicate Whist. Cards are easily inserted and securely held. Every detail patented. Infringements prosecuted.

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Have you talent? Earn money writing stories and articles. Send for our Free book "What Writers Need" containing valuable suggestions. Mss. prepared for publication. Writers' Aid Association, 1480 Nassau St., N. Y.

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STAMMER

Our 200-page book "The Origin and Treatment of Stammering" sent Free to any address. Enclose 6 cents to pay postage. Lewis Stammering School, 33 Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich.

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New thing in Diamonds. For beauty, fire and brilliancy equals genuine, 1-20 the cost. Jones' 1-20 gold setting. Illustrated catalog on request. Any gem is sent prepaid for examination. Tom B. Jones & Co., 641 Wells Street, Chicago.

Sweethearts for 59 Years have been wood and won with **Whitman's CHOCOLATES CONFECTIONS** For sale everywhere. **WHITMAN'S** Instantaneous Chocolate. Made in a minute with boiling milk. STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SONS, 1216 Chestnut St., Phila. Established 1842.

LITTLE DROPS OF WATER **LITTLE LUMPS OF COAL** **MAKE THE MIGHTY POWER** **THAT MAKES THE ENGINE ROLL** **ON THE LACKAWANNA** **AS EVERYBODY KNOWS** **THIS COAL IS OF ANTHRACITE** **AND SO THE TRAVEL GROWS**

Lackawanna Railroad

HARD COAL MEANS **NO SMOKE** **NO DUST.** **SOLID VESTIBULED TRAINS BETWEEN** **NEW YORK, BUFFALO, CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS.**

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KATE BONNET

THE ROMANCE OF A PIRATE'S DAUGHTER

By FRANK R. STOCKTON

Author of "Rudder Grange," "The Lady or the Tiger?" "The Late Mrs. Null," Etc., Etc.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. I. KELLER

SYNOPSIS OF THE PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Major Stede Bonnet, an eccentric planter of Bridgetown, Barbadoes, conceiving a strange enterprise, buys a ship, enlists a crew of ruffians, puts to sea, and announces to his men that henceforth all are pirates. Kate Bonnet, the Major's daughter, was to have sailed with him, but suspecting the character of the sailors, she escapes to land, where, on account of her stepmother's unkindness, she is cared for by Dame Charter, who, with her son Dickory, accompanies Kate to Jamaica, where all are taken to live with Kate's uncle, Delaplaine. At Kate's request Dickory sails back to Barbadoes for news of Bonnet. The ship carrying Dickory to Barbadoes is captured by Pirate Bonnet, but set free again after taking off Dickory. Bonnet puts into Balize, Honduras, the rendezvous of pirates,

and there meets the infamous Blackbeard, who robs him of his ships, sets him ashore, and puts to sea in Bonnet's own vessel, taking Dickory with him. Dickory escapes on an island where Blackbeard stopped for water. Here he meets a marooned family, and all are presently rescued by a passing ship. The news that Bonnet has quit piracy for mercantile pursuits reaches Kate and she sails from Jamaica for Balize. There she meets her father; but Bonnet, rather than return to a planter's life ashore, escapes in the night on a pirate ship. Kate and her uncle start in pursuit of Bonnet on Captain Ichabod's pirate ship. Running short of provisions, Ichabod holds up a merchantman, which proves to be the ship that rescued Dickory.

CHAPTER XXXII THE DELIVERY OF THE LETTER



THE SEA WAS SMOOTH and the wind light, and the transfer of provisions from the *Black Swan* to the pirate sloop, which two ships now lay as near each other as safety would permit, was accomplished quietly.

During the progress of the transfer, Captain Ichabod's boat was rowed back to his ship and its arrival was watched with great interest by everybody on board that pirate sloop. Kate and Dame Charter, as well as all the men who stood looking over the rail, were amazed to see a naval officer accompanying the captain and Mr. Delaplaine on their return. But that amazement was greatly increased when that officer, as soon as he set foot upon the deck, removed his hat and made straightway for Dame Charter, who, with a scream loud enough to frighten the fishes, enfolded him in her arms and straightway fainted. It was like a son coming up out of the sea, sure enough, as she afterward stated. Kate, recognizing Dickory, hurried to him with a scream of her own and both hands outstretched, but the young fellow, who seemed greatly distressed at the unconscious condition of his mother, did not greet Mistress Bonnet with the enthusiastic delight which might have been expected under the circumstances. He seemed troubled and embarrassed, which, perhaps, was not surprising, for never before had he seen his mother faint.

Kate was about to offer some assistance, but, as the good dame now showed signs of returning consciousness, she thought it would be better to leave the two together, and, in a state of amazement, she was hurrying to her uncle when Dickory rose from the side of his mother and stopped her. "I have a letter for you," he said, in a husky voice. "A letter?" she cried. "From my father?" "No," said he, "from Captain Vince," and he handed her the blood-stained missive.

Kate turned pale and stared at him; here was horrible mystery. The thought flashed through the young girl's mind that the wicked captain had killed her father and had written to tell her so.

"Is my father dead?" she gasped. "Not that I know of," said Dickory. "Where is he?" she cried. "I do not know," was the answer.

She stood, holding the letter, while Dickory returned to his mother. Mr. Delaplaine saw her standing thus, pale and shocked, but he did not hasten to her. He had sad things to say to her, for his practical mind told him that it would not be possible to continue the search for her father, he having put himself out of the reach of Captain Ichabod and his inefficient sloop. If Dickory had said anything about her father which had so cast her down, how much harder would it be for him when he had to tell her the whole truth?

But Kate did not wait for further speech from anybody. She gave a great start, and then rushed down the companion-way to her cabin. There, with her door shut, she opened the letter. This was the letter, written in lead pencil, in an irregular but bold hand, with some letters partly dimmed, where the paper had been damp:

"At the very end of my life, I write to you that you have escaped the fiercest love that ever a man had for a woman. I shall carry this love with me to hell, if it may be, but you have escaped it. This escape is a blessing and, now that I cannot help it, I give it to you. Had I lived, I should have shed the blood of every one whom you loved to gain you, and you would have cursed me; so love me, now, for dying.

"Yours, anywhere and always,
"CHRISTOPHER VINCE."

Kate put down the letter and some color came into her face; she bowed her head in thankful prayer.

"He is dead," she said, "and now he cannot harm my father!" That was the only thought she had regarding this hot-brained and infatuated lover. He was dead; her father was safe from him. How he died; how Dickory came to bring the letter; how anything had happened that had happened, except the death of Captain Vince, did not, at this moment, concern her. Not until now had she known how the fear of the vergerful captain of the *Badger* had constantly been with her.

Over and over again Dickory told his tale to his mother. She interrupted him so much with her embraces that he

could not explain things clearly to her, but she did not care: she had him with her. He was with her and she had fast hold of him, and she would never let him go again. What mattered it what sort of clothes he wore, or where he had escaped from—a family on a desert island or from a pirate crew? She had him, and her happiness knew no bounds. Dickory was perfectly willing to stay with her and to talk to her. He did not care to be with anybody else, not even with Mistress Kate, who had taken so much interest in him all the time he had been away, though, of course, not so much interest as his own dear mother.

Then the good Dame Charter, being greatly recovered and so happy, began to talk of herself. Slipping, in a disjointed way, over her various experiences, she told her dear boy, in strictest confidence, that she was very much disappointed in the way pirates took ships. She thought it was going to be something very exciting that she would remember to the end of her days and wake up in the middle of the night and scream when she thought of, but it was nothing of the kind; not a shot was fired; not a drop of blood shed; there was not even a shout or a yell or a scream for mercy. It was all like going into the pantry to get the flour and the sugar. She was all the time waiting for something to happen, and nothing ever did. Dickory smiled, but his smile was like watered milk.

"I do not understand such piracy," he said, "but suppose, dear mother, that these pirates had taken that ship in the usual way, I being on board?"

"At this he was clasped so tightly to his mother's breast that he could say no more.

The boats plied steadily between the two vessels, and, on one of the trips, Mr. Delaplaine went over to the brig on business; and also glad to escape, for a little, the dreaded interview which must soon come between himself and his niece.

"Now, sir," said the merchant to the captain of the brig, "you will make a bill against me for the provisions which are being taken to that pirate, but I hope you have reserved a sufficient store of food, not only for your own maintenance until you reach a port, but for that of myself and two women who wish to sail with you, craving most earnestly that you will land us in Jamaica or in some place convenient of access to that island."

"Which I can do," said the captain, "for I am bound to Kingston; and, as to subsistence, shall have plenty."

On the brig Mr. Delaplaine found Captain Ichabod, who had come over to superintend operations and who was now, talking to the pretty girl who had seized him by the arm when he was about to slay the naval officer.

"I would talk with you, captain," said the merchant, "on a matter of immediate import." And he led the pirate away from the pretty girl.

The matter to be discussed was, indeed, of deep import.

"I am loth to say it, sir," said Mr. Delaplaine, "when I think of the hospitality and most exceptional kindness with which you have treated me and my niece, and for which we shall feel grateful all our lives, but I think you will agree with me that it would be useless for us to pursue the search after that most reprehensible person, my brother-in-law, Bonnet. There can be no doubt, I believe, that he and Blackbeard have left the vicinity of Charles Town and have gone we know not where."

"No doubt of that, indeed," said Ichabod, knitting his brows as he spoke; "if Blackbeard had been outside the harbor this brig would not have been here."

"And therefore, sir," continued Mr. Delaplaine, "I have judged it to be wise, and indeed necessary, for us to part company with you, sir, and to take passage on this brig, which, by a most fortunate chance, is bound for Kingston. My niece, I know, will be greatly disappointed by this course of events, but we have no choice but to fall in with them."

"I don't like to agree with you," said the captain, "but, indeed, I am bound to do it. I am disappointed myself, sir, but I have been disappointed so often that I suppose I ought to be used to it. If I had caught up with Blackbeard I should have been quite set up, and, after I had settled your affairs—and I know I could have done that—I think I would have joined him. But all I can do now is to hammer along at the business, take prizes in the usual way, and wait for Blackbeard to come south again, and then I'll either sell out or join him."

"It is a great pity, sir," said Mr. Delaplaine, "a great pity."

"Yes, it is," interrupted Ichabod; "it's a very great pity, sir, a very great pity. If I had known more about ships when I bought the *Restless* I would have had a faster craft, and, by this time, I might have been a man of comfortable means. But that sloop over there, indeed, is so slow that many a time, sir, I have seen a fat merchantman sail away from her and leave us, in spite of our guns, cursing and swearing, miles

behind. I am sorry to have you leave me, sir, and with your ladies, but, as you say, here's your chance to get home and I don't know when I could give you another."

Mr. Delaplaine replied, courteously and gratefully, and, by the next boat, went back to the *Restless*. Captain Ichabod, his brow still clouded by the approaching separation, walked over to Lucilla and continued his conversation with her about the island of Barbadoes—a subject of which he knew very little and she nothing.

When Kate returned to the deck, she found Dickory alone, Dame Charter having gone to talk to the cook about the wonderful things that had happened, of which she knew very little and he nothing at all.

"Dickory," said Kate, "I want to talk to you and that quickly, for I know not how much longer these two vessels will lie together. I have heard nothing of what has happened to you. How did you get possession of the letter you brought me, and what do you know of Captain Vince?"

"I can tell you nothing," he said, without looking at her, "until you tell me what I ought to know about Captain Vince." And as he said this he could not help wondering in his heart that there were no signs of grief about her.

"Ought to know?" she repeated, regarding him earnestly. "Well, you and I have been always good friends and I will tell you." And then she told him the story of the captain of the *Badger*; of his love-making and of his commission to sail upon the sea and destroy the pirate ship *Revenge* and all on board of her. "And now," she said, as she concluded, "I think it would be well for you to read this letter." And she handed him the missive he had carried so long and with such pain. He read the bold, uneven lines, and then he turned and looked upon her, his face shining like the morning sky.

"Then you have never loved him?" he gasped.

"Why should I?" said Kate.

In spite of the fact that there were a great many people on board that pirate sloop who might see him; in spite of the fact that there were people in boats plying upon the water who might notice his actions, Dickory fell upon his knees before Kate and, seizing her hand, pressed it to his lips.

"Why should I?" said Kate, quietly drawing her hand from him, "for I have a devoted lover already, Master Martin Newcombe of Barbadoes."

Dickory, repulsed, rose to his feet, but his face did not lose its glow. He had heard so much about Martin Newcombe that he had ceased to mind him.

"To think of it," he cried, "to think how I stood and watched him fight; how I admired and marvelled at his wonderful strength and skill, his fine figure and his flashing eye; how my soul went out to him; how I longed that he might kill that scoundrel Blackbeard! And, all the time, he was your enemy, he was my enemy, he was a vile wretch than even the bloody pirate who killed him. Oh, Kate, Kate! if I had but known!"

"Miss Kate, if you please," said the girl. "And it is well, Dickory, you did not know, for then you might have jumped upon him and stuck him in the back, and that would have been dishonorable."

"He thought," said Dickory, not in the least abashed by his reproach, "that the *Revenge* was commanded by your father, for he sprang upon the deck, shouting for the captain, and, when he saw Blackbeard, I heard him exclaim in surprise, 'A sugar planter!'"

"And he would have killed my father?" said Kate, turning pale at the thought.

"Yes," replied Dickory, "he would have killed any man except the great Blackbeard. And to think of it! I stood there watching them and wishing that vile Englishman the victory. Oh, Kate! you should have seen that wonderful pirate fight. No man could have stood before him." And then, with sparkling eyes and waving arms, he told her of the combat. When he had finished, the souls of these two young people were united in an overpowering admiration, almost reverence, for the prowess and strength of the wicked and bloody pirate who had slain the captain of the *Badger*.

When Mr. Delaplaine came on board, Kate, who had been waiting, took him aside.

"Uncle!" she exclaimed, "I have great news. Captain Vince is dead! At last he came up with the *Revenge*, but, instead of finding my father in command, he found Blackbeard, who killed him. Now my father is safe!"

The good man scarcely knew what to say to this bright-faced girl whose father's safety was all the world to her. If he had heard that his worthless and wicked brother-in-law had been killed it would have been trouble and sorrow for the present, but it would have been peace for the future. But he was a Christian gentleman and a loving uncle, and he banished this thought from his heart. He listened to Kate as she

rapidly went on talking, but he did not hear her; his mind was busy with the news he had to tell her—the news that she must give up her loving search and go back with him to Spanish Town.

"And now, uncle," said Kate, "there's another thing I want to say to you. Since this great grief has been lifted from my soul; since I know that no wrathful and vindictive captain of a man-of-war is scouring the seas, armed with authority to kill my father, and savage for his life, I feel that it is not right for me to put other people, who are so good to me, to sad discomfort and great expense to try to follow my father into regions far away and, to us, almost unknown. Some day he will come back into this part of the world, and I hope he may return disheartened and weary of his present mode of life, and then I may have a better chance of winning him back to the domestic life he used to love so much. But he is safe, uncle, and that is everything now; and so I came to say to you that I think it would be well for us to relieve this kind Captain Ichabod from the charges and labors he has taken upon himself for our sakes and, if it is possible, engage that ship yonder to take us back to Jamaica; she was sailing in that direction and her captain might be induced to touch at Kingston. This is what I have been thinking about, dear uncle, and do not you agree with me?"

High rose the spirits of the good Mr. Delaplaine; banished was all the overhanging blackness of his dreaded interview with Kate. The sky was bright; her soul was singing songs of joy and thankfulness, and his soul might join her. He never appreciated better than now the blessings which might be shed upon humanity by the death of a bad man. His mind even gambolled a little in his relief.

"But, Kate," he said, "if we leave that kind Captain Ichabod and he be not restrained by our presence, then, my dear, he will return to his former evils ways and his next captures will not be like this one but like ordinary piracies, sinful in every way."

"Uncle," said Kate, looking up into his face, "it is too much to ask of one young girl to undertake the responsibilities of two pirates. I hope some day to be of benefit to my poor father, but when it comes to Captain Ichabod, kind as he has been, I am afraid I will have to let him go and manage the affairs of his soul for himself."

Her uncle smiled upon her. Now that he was to go back to his own home and take this dear girl with him, he was ready to smile at almost anything. That he thought one pirate much better worth saving than the other, and that his choice did not agree with that of his niece, was not for him even to think about at such a happy moment.

It was not long after this conversation that the largest boat belonging to the *Restless* was rowed over to the brig, and in it sat not only Kate, Dame Charter and Dickory, but Captain Ichabod, who would accompany his guests to take proper leave of them. The crew of the pirate sloop crowded themselves along her sides, and even mounted into her shrouds, waving their hats and shouting as the boat moved away. The cook was the loudest shouter and his ragged hat waved highest. And, as Dame Charter shook her handkerchief above her head and gazed back at her savage friend, there was a moisture in her eyes. Up to this moment she never would have believed that she would grieve to depart from a pirate vessel and to leave behind a pirate cook.

Lucilla watched carefully the newcomers, as they ascended to the deck of the *Black Swan*. "That is the girl," she said to herself, "and I am not surprised."

A little later she remarked to Captain Ichabod, who sat by her, "Are they mother and daughter, those two?"

"Oh, no," said he, "Mistress Bonnet is too fine a lady and too beautiful to be daughter to that old woman, who is her attendant and the mother of the young fellow in the cocked hat."

"Too fine and beautiful!" repeated Lucilla.

"I greatly grieve to leave you all," continued the young pirate captain, "although some of you I have known so short a time. It will be very lonely when I sail away with none to speak to save the bloody dogs I command, who may yet throttle me. And it is to Barbadoes you go to settle with your family?"

"That is our destination," said Lucilla, "but I know not if we shall find the money to settle there; we were taken by pirates and lost everything."

Now the captain of the brig came up to Ichabod and informed him that the goods he demanded had been delivered on board his vessel, and that the brig was ready to sail. It was the time for leave-taking, but Ichabod was tardy. Presently he approached Kate and drew her to one side.

"Dear lady," he said, and his voice was hesitating while a slight flush of embarrassment appeared on his face, "you may have thought, dear lady," he repeated, "you may have thought that so far a being as yourself should have attracted during the days we have sailed together, may have attracted, bedad, I mean, the declared admiration even of a fellow like myself, we being so much together; but I had heard your story, fair lady, and of the courtship paid you by Captain Vince of the corvette *Badger*—whose family I knew in England—and, acknowledging his superior claims, I constantly refrained, though

not without great effort (I must say that much for myself, fair lady), from—from—"

"Addressing me, I suppose you mean," said Kate. "What you say, kind captain, redounds to your honor, and I thank you for your noble consideration, but I feel bound to tell you that there was never anything between me and Captain Vince, and he is now dead."

The young pirate stepped back and opened wide his eyes. "What!" he exclaimed, "and all the time you were—"

"Not free," she interrupted, with a smile; "for I have a lover on the island of Barbadoes."

"Barbadoes," repeated Captain Ichabod, and he bade Kate a most courteous farewell.

All the good-bys had been said and good wishes had been wished when, just as he was about to descend to his boat, Captain Ichabod turned to Lucilla: "And it is truly to Barbadoes you go?" he asked.

"Yes," said she, "I think we shall certainly do that."

Now his face flushed: "And do you care for that fellow in the cocked hat?"

Here was a cruel situation for poor Lucilla. She must lie or lose two men. She might lose them anyway, but she would not do it of her own free will, and so she lied.

"Not a whit," said Lucilla.

The eyes of Ichabod brightened as he went down the side of the brig.

have you? Is it enough to make it worth my while to take it?"

"Ye can count it an' see whenever ye like," said Ben. "But it is not money that I came to talk to ye about; I came to ask ye, at the first convenient season, to put me on board that ship out there that I may be in my rightful place by the side of Master Bonnet."

"And what good are you to him, or he to you," asked the pirate, with a fine long oath, "that I should put myself to that much trouble?"

"I have the responsibility of his soul on my hands," said Ben, "and since we left Charles Town I have no' seen him, he being on one ship an' I on another."

"And very well that is too," said Blackbeard, "for I like each of you better separate. And now look ye, me kirk bird, you have not done very well with your 'responsibilities' so far, and you might as well make up your mind to stop trying to convert that sneak of a Nightcap and take up the business of converting me. I'm in great need of it, I can tell you."

"You!" cried Ben.

"I tell you, yes," shouted Blackbeard. "It is I, myself, that I am talking about; I want to be converted from the evil of my ways and I have made up my mind that you shall do it. You are a good and a pious man, and it is not often that I get hold of one of that kind. Or, if I do, I slice off his head before I discover his quality."

"I fear me," said the truthful Scotchman, "that the job is beyond my ability."

"Not a bit of it, not a bit of it," shouted the pirate. "I am fifty times easier to work upon than that Nightcap man of yours and a hundred times better worth the trouble. I put no trust in that down-faced farmer. When he shouts loudest for the black flag he is most likely to go into priestly orders, and the better is he reformed the quicker is he to rob and murder. He is of the kind the devil wants, but it is of no use for any one to show him the way there; he is well able to find it for himself. But it is different with me, you canny Scotchman, it is different with me. I am an open-handed and an open-mouthed scoundrel and I never pretended to be anything else. When you begin reforming me you will find your work half done."

The Scotchman shook his head. "I fear me," he said—

"No, you don't fear yourself," cried Blackbeard, "and I won't have it; I don't want any of that lazy piety on board my vessel. If you don't reform me, and do it rightly, I'll slice off both your ears."

At this moment a man came aft, carrying a great tankard of mixed drink. Blackbeard took it and held it in his hand.

"Now, then, you balking chaplain," he cried, "here's a chance for you to begin. What would you have me do? Drain off this great mug and go slashing among my crew, or hurl it, mug and all—?"

"Nay, nay," cried Greenway, "but rather give half of it to me, then will it not disturb your brain and mine will be comforted."

"Heigho!" cried Blackbeard, "truly you are a better chaplain than I thought you. Drain half this mug and then, by all the powers of heaven and hell, you shall convert me. Now look ye," said the pirate when the mug was empty, "and hear what a brave repentance I have already begun. I am tired, my gay gardener, of all these piracies; I have had enough of them. Even now my spoils and prizes are greater than I can manage, and why should I strive to make them more? I told you of my young lieutenant, who ran away and who gave his carcass to the birds of prey rather than sail with me and marry my strapping daughter. I liked that fellow, Greenway, and if he had known what was well for him there might be some reason for me to keep on piling up goods and money, but there's cursed little reason for it now. I have merchandise of value at Balize, and much more of it in these ships, besides money from Charles Town which ought to last an honest gentleman for the rest of his days."

"Ay," said Ben, "but an honest gentleman is sparing of his expenditures."

"And you think I am not that kind of a man, do you?" shouted the pirate; "but let me tell you this, I am sailing now for Topsail Inlet on the North Carolina coast, and I am going to run in there, disperse this fleet, sell my goods, and—"

"Be hanged?" interpolated Greenway, in surprise.

"Not a bit of it, you croaking crow!" roared the pirate, "not a bit of it! Don't you know, you dull-head, that our good King George has issued a proclamation to the Brethren of the Coast to come in and behave themselves like honest citizens and receive their pardon? I have done that once, and so I know all about it. But I backslid, showing that my conversion was badly done."

"It must have been a poor hand that did the job for ye," said Greenway, "for truly the conversion washed off in the first rain."

The pirate laughed a great laugh. "The fact is," he said, "I did the work myself, and, knowing nothing about it, made a bad botch of it; but this time it will be different. I am going to give the matter into your hands and I shall expect you to do it well. If I become not an honest gentleman, this time, you shall pay for it—first with your ears and then with your head."



"WITH SPARKLING EYES AND WAVING ARMS, HE TOLD HER OF THE COMBAT"

CHAPTER XXXIII

BLACKBEARD GIVES GREENWAY A PIECE OF WORK



THE GREAT PIRATE BLACKBEARD, inactive and taking his ease, was seated on the quarter-deck of his fine vessel, on which he had lately done some sharp work off the harbor of Charles Town. He was now commanding a small fleet; besides the ship on which he sailed he had two other vessels well manned and well laden with supplies from his recent captures. Satisfied with conquest, he was sailing northward to one of his favorite resorts on the North Carolina coast.

To this conquering hero now came Ben Greenway, the Scotchman, touching his hat.

"And what do you want?" cried the burly pirate; "haven't they given you your prize money yet or isn't it enough?"

"Prize money!" exclaimed Greenway; "I have none of it, nor will I have any. What money I have—and it is but little—came to me fairly."

"Oho!" cried Blackbeard, "and you have money, then,

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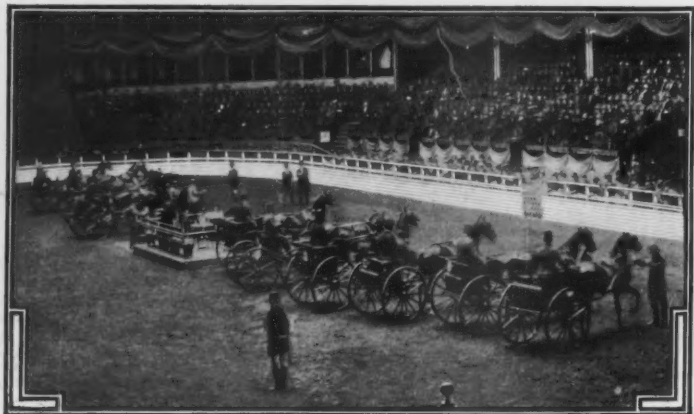
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"An' ye're goin' to keep me by ye?" said Greenway, with an expression not of the best. "Truly so," said Blackbeard. "I shall make you my clerk as long as I am a pirate, for I have much writing and figuring work to be done; and, after that, you shall be my chaplain. And whether or not your work will be easier than it is now it is not for me to say."

The Scotchman was about to make an exclamation which might not have been complimentary, but he restrained himself. "An' Master Bonnet?" he asked. "If ye go out o' piracy he may go too, an' take the oath?" "Of course he may," cried the pirate, "and of course he shall; I will see to that myself. Then I will give him back his ship, for I don't want it, and let him become an honest merchant."

"Give him back his ship!" exclaimed Greenway, his countenance downcast; "that will be puttin' into his hands the means o' beginnin' again a life o' sin. I pray ye dinna do that."

Blackbeard leaned back and laughed. "I swear that I thought it would be one of the very first steps in conversion for me to give back to the fellow the ship which is his own and which I have taken from him. But fear not, my noble pirate's clerk, he is not the man that I am; he is a vile coward, and when he has taken the oath he will be afraid to break it. Moreover—"

"An' if with that ship," said Greenway, his eyes beginning to sparkle, "he become an honest merchant—"

"I don't trust him," said Blackbeard; "he is a knave and a sharper and there is no truth in him. But, when you have settled up my business, my clerk, and have gotten me well converted, I will send you away with him and you shall take up again the responsibility of his soul."

The Scotchman clapped his horny hands together. "An' once I get him back to Bridgetown I will burn his cursed ship!" "Heigho!" cried Blackbeard, "and that will be your way of converting him? You know your business, my royal chaplain, you know it well," and with that he gave Greenway a tremendous slap on the back.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY

THIS IS the story of a man who always knew what he wanted and just how everything should be done. It was told by a meek-faced, serene-mannered woman, who had apparently reached a point in her life's history where she was willing to lop off unnecessary effort to make way for the necessary.

The man was her husband. Said he at dinner one night, holding up a glass to the light: "Now that's a fine thing to ask a man to drink from, isn't it? I don't see why little things like that can't be done right. I'll show you how to wash a glass."

He disappeared into the butler's pantry. There was a sound of running water, a swish and swirl of washcloth, a noise of one breathing heavily, then a pause, renewed swirl and swish, and finally the sound of one rubbing vigorously. This last effort was succeeded by the appearance of the husband with the glass, which he held triumphantly to the light. Its former obscurity had been replaced by the glow of crystal. The little woman gazed at it admiringly. Even the maid nodded her head with emphatic approval. The man settled down into his chair, drank with gusto from his cleaned glass and proceeded with his dinner, after rubbing in the stress of the situation by saying: "It's easy enough to do a thing like that if you will only take the trouble."

Then the serene-faced woman had her innings.

"Do you know how long it took you to wash that glass?" she inquired softly.

"How long? No; I wasn't watching the clock," blustered the successful glass-washer.

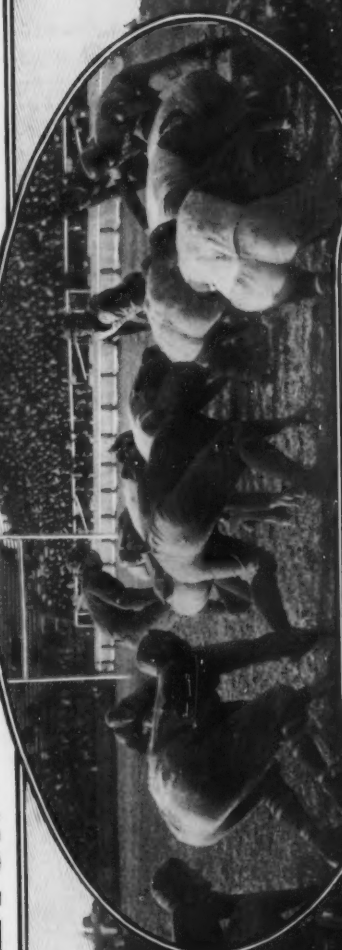
"I was," continued his wife. "You were just ten minutes." Then she brought her mathematics to bear on the case. "You see there are eight of us, you, the six children, and I. That means 80 minutes to wash the glasses for each meal, three times 80, 240 minutes, or just four hours a day to wash glasses. Of course I couldn't spare Lizzie to wash glasses four hours, but if you desire to hire another maid I suppose I could find enough for her to do the rest of the day."

YALE vs. PRINCETON

CORNELL vs. COLUMBIA



CORNELL vs. COLUMBIA—CORNELL SHOVING HUNT OVER LINE FOR THE FIRST TOUCHDOWN



YALE vs. PRINCETON—YALE'S TACKLE-BACK FORMATION



YALE vs. PRINCETON—PRINCETON HOLDING YALE ON THE FORMER'S THREE-YARD LINE

CORNELL vs. COLUMBIA—COFFIN, CORNELL'S RIGHT HALF-BACK, KICKING GOAL



GENERAL VIEW OF THE YALE FIELD, NEW HAVEN, DURING—



HART, YALE'S LEFT HALF-BACK, GAINING THROUGH PRINCETON'S TACKLE AND GUARD

—THE GAME BETWEEN YALE AND PRINCETON, NOVEMBER 16



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COLUMBIA PUNTING OUT FROM HER 25-YARD LINE

SPORTS OF THE AMATEUR

Edited by **WALTER CAMP**

YALE
12
PRINCETON
0

THE Yale-Princeton game at New Haven was played under perfect weather conditions and before a crowd of eighteen thousand people. The odds favored Yale before the game, but Princeton banked on two things which she considered might offset Yale's general superiority. These two things were her supposed advantage in the kicking game and her already proved ability to bring off trick plays in the shape of delayed passes. But the careful defence of the Yale team successfully opposed the latter, while De Saulles' excellent kicking more than neutralized the former. Within fifteen minutes of the time when Yale started the game by kicking off the ball against the north wind, it was evident to every one that, barring accidents, Yale would inevitably win. And so she did, but not by a large score.

The peculiarity of Yale's attack seemed to be that while it would make ground with comparative steadiness for twenty or thirty yards, there was a lack of assistance between the rush line and the backs which, just as surely as Yale would bring the ball ahead for several considerable gains, would show itself and then the push of the attack would gradually lessen until it seemed to lose all its vigor. Repeatedly Yale would carry the ball within what was apparently scoring distance, only to be held up, sometimes by a fumble, but more often by gradually shortening gains, until the chance was lost. This gave an opportunity several times for De Saulles to try field-kick goals; but luck was against him, and not one of them came off. Princeton played just about up to her form as exhibited in public, save that at times her men were guilty of the most glaring fumbling. This had been an incubus upon the Princeton attack all through the season, and it was quite as manifest in this game as in some of her earlier contests. It was not until the latter part of the second half that Princeton succeeded in making any continuous gains through the Yale line. Then, largely through the use of plays in which a line man ran with the ball, she made some very distinct advances around Yale's left guard and between that position and left tackle.

The greatest surprise of the day was distinctly De Saulles' kicking, and it was that which enabled Yale to extricate herself from a very considerable difficulty after she had made her first touchdown; for Princeton then had the kick-off and at once transferred the battle into dangerous territory for Yale. But De Saulles proved exactly the man for the emergency, and he actually kicked Yale out of trouble by the consistent regularity and distance of his punts.

The story of the game is that of a confessedly superior team being manfully opposed by a weaker one. It is true that the weights of the two elevens as they lined up were almost identical, there being an advantage of less than a dozen pounds in the total avoirdupois of the teams, Yale tipping the scales at a grand total of 1,950 pounds, while Princeton weighed 1,939 pounds. But when Princeton and Yale met last year at Princeton the score was 29 to 5 in favor of Yale, and it was therefore manifest to the New Jersey men that they had a large margin of difference to make up. Princeton must put forward a far better game than she displayed last year or Yale a far weaker one in order to turn the tables. The result showed that the two were approaching each other, for Yale's attack proved less resistless than that of a year ago and Princeton's defence was stronger. There was no marked depreciation in Yale's defence, nor was there any startling improvement in Princeton's offence. Yale started out with a rush, for after the kick-off had been returned by Princeton, Yale tried her running game, and Hart, her diminutive half-back, made twenty yards just outside Princeton's tackle with apparently little effort. But after that, with the exception of a run of forty yards by Weymouth, Yale's full-back, in the second half, all the gains were small and secured at considerable expenditure of effort. Yale, after two or three mishaps, when within what looked like easy scoring distance, did finally beat her way down to a touchdown in the first half, and, after a similar period of uncertainty, repeated the effort once during the second half.

But there was nothing sensational about the game, and one felt all the time that Princeton was fighting bravely but hopelessly. Yale at times seemed exasperated by the good defensive tactics of Princeton into putting some energy into her plays, but her team never waked up into that vigor which the earlier days of the season had indicated as a possibility.

In the kicking department alone the victors developed unexpected power. Here the work was distinctly creditable, not for exceptional long punts upon occasion, but for steady, effective, useful kicks, each well placed and timely. Yale's generalship was also good, and fumbling on her part was rare. Princeton enlivened the last few minutes of the game by a brave attempt to get the ball within scoring distance, and made at this stage quite her best continuous effort; but it came too late, and the game ended without Yale's partisans having been really placed upon the anxious seat at any stage of the contest. For a big game, and with a comparatively low score, this feature of the match was most remarkable.

CORNELL
24
COLUMBIA
0

Columbia's downfall came rather expectedly, for there were indications of its imminence for some time. Cornell had been playing not only a stiff game but a consistent one, and, more than that, ever since they so overwhelmingly defeated the blue and white two years ago, the Ithacans have believed that they knew just how to do it again. The absence of Weekes was a very serious matter to Sanford's team, principally in the offence, where his end runs would have been most helpful. In the defence, also, while not as strong a man as Morley in backing up the line, he is so fast that he can overhaul an opponent who breaks clean through and has a clear field. His presence, however, could not have altered the result, for Cornell was strong and coming, and the longer the game went on the more she scored. During the first half, Columbia fought valiantly and at the outset more than surprised the visitors, but it proved only a flash in the pan and Columbia's powder was quickly exhausted.

Cornell has mastered the art of assaulting the tackles of an opposing team, and, just as Yale made a mark of Pell of Princeton last season, as well as Harvard's left tackle, so Cornell rolled her plays, this year, through and over both Kindgen and Bruce of the Columbia line. The Cornell line was quicker on the start than the home team, and, in the football vernacular, repeatedly got the jump on their opponents. This explains in a large measure not only the effectiveness of Cornell's attack, but also the lack of success of Columbia's close plays.

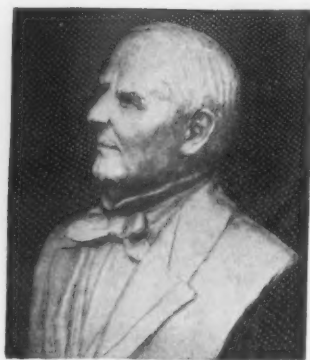
In the early part of the game Columbia got as far as Cornell's 10-yard line, then her attack weakened, and her best and, as it proved, her only chance to score disappeared. Cornell demonstrated that her team is a well-rounded one, an aggressive line backed up by a strong back field, and in Brewster she has a good kicker as well as a man who handles the ball cleverly. Columbia has manifestly retrograded, although there were moments when the team showed evidences of its old-time vigor. Cornell ran up the score in the second half until, when in the gathering dusk the referee's whistle blew for the end of the game, the score stood: Cornell 24, Columbia 0.

HARVARD
27
DARTMOUTH
12

Harvard, with a substitute team, ran up 27 points against Dartmouth, but the Green Mountain boys treated the Cambridge crowd to a spectacle thus far not witnessed on Soldiers' Field this year, namely two clean scores on blocked kicks. Five times during the game, Dartmouth secured her first down on Harvard in the running game, but was manifestly outclassed. The final score was 27 to 12 in Harvard's favor.

WILLIAMS
21
AMHERST
5

Williams won the championship of the New England Triangular League by defeating Amherst decisively at Williamstown. The home team put up a hard hammering game as soon as the teams moved together, and it was evident that the only question was the size of the score. Am-



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herst earned her sole score by a series of good forcing plays, carrying the ball down through Williams's territory to a touchdown. The final score was 21 to 5.

PENNSYLVANIA 16 INDIANS 14

The most exciting game of the 16th was that at Philadelphia, where Pennsylvania, after many vicissitudes, finally made way with the Indians through accepting a safety touchdown in order to stave off the threatening visitors, who were fighting for the score that would have given them the game by a single point. The Indians had a good lead at the end of the first half, but Pennsylvania, just as in the Columbia game, showed evidence of good sand and reserve power, which in the end pulled the team out of a bad hole. The Indians were at their best of the season in the way of attack, and had it not been for Pennsylvania's good working of her quarter-back kick it might have been their day. As it was, the crowd of spectators could hardly complain that they did not have a "real run for their money." The final score was: Pennsylvania 16, Indians 14.

OTHER GAMES

Trinity was defeated at Middletown, Conn., by the Wesleyan team, 11 to 0. In the first half neither team scored, although Trinity tried for goal from Wesleyan's twenty-three yard line. In the second half McDonnell, Wesleyan's right half-back, made an end run of forty-eight yards and a touchdown. Ingalls kicked a field goal from Trinity's five-yard line.

The Naval Cadets defeated the Washington and Jefferson team at Annapolis to the tune of 17 to 11. The first half was marked by good defensive work on the part of the college team, and the Cadets scored only on fumbles by their opponents. In the first part of the second half the Cadets were outplayed by Washington and Jefferson until Nichol went in, after which the college team were visibly outplayed.

Brown 24, Union 5. A very uninteresting and one-sided game was played at Providence between Brown and Union. The former, however, played in good form, much better, in fact, than in some of her more important games. Mallory made the sole touchdown for the visitors. Theboe was the star player for Union, repeatedly covering ground for good gains.

The Yale '05 football team suffered a severe beating from the Harvard freshmen at Cambridge. For six consecutive years Harvard has humbled old Eli's youngsters. In the first half Harvard had the wind in her favor, and, aided by the good punting of Chase, kept the ball in Yale's territory. In the second half both teams played an end game, Harvard having the better of it. Score, 35 to 6.

Homestead beat Lafayette 48 to 0, Maine beat Bowdoin 22 to 5, Pennsylvania State beat Lehigh 40 to 0.

In the South, Georgetown University beat Virginia 17 to 16. Tulane beat Louisiana State University, 22 to 0. University of Nashville defeated Kentucky University, 5 to 0. In the West, Wisconsin easily outclassed Minnesota, winning by 18 to 0; Michigan bowled over Chicago, 22 to 0; Northwestern had a tie with Beloit, 11 to 11; Iowa beat Grinnell 17 to 11; Nebraska beat Kansas 29 to 5, and Notre Dame beat Indiana 18 to 5.

WALTER CAMP.

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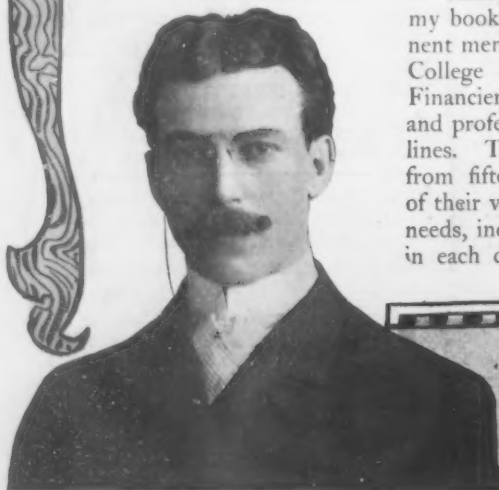
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Among the pupils registered upon my books are many of the most prominent men and women of this country—College Professors, Authors, Artists, Financiers, Merchants, Manufacturers and professional men and women in all lines. The ages of my pupils range from fifteen to eighty-six, and because of their varying physical condition and needs, individual instructions are given in each case.



ALOIS P. SWOBODA
Originator and Sole Instructor

WHAT OTHERS SAY

It gives me much pleasure to receive letters like these herewith. Ones similar in tone come to me voluntarily every day.

HOPKINSVILLE, KY., Oct. 8, 1901.

MR. ALOIS P. SWOBODA, Chicago, Ill.
My Dear Sir:—Allow me to thank you for your kindness for the past two months and for your instructions, which have been to me one of the richest blessings that I have ever received. At the time of beginning your exercises, I was simply a nervous wreck; was constipated and suffered intensely with indigestion, was easily overtaxed when attempting work of any kind, and seemed almost impossible to recuperate without leaving off for months all mental and physical labor, but thanks to you, I was enabled without medicine of any description (something I had not done for over two years) to keep up with my work and at the same time increase my weight and general health, until now—only two months—I feel like a new man; am healthy, strong and tireless.

Now, I do not know how to be tired, as the exercise you give seems to rest me instead of tiring—it acts like a stimulant to a tired body. It does me a great deal of good to say that I have forgotten the taste of "Pepsin" and such other medicines for a weak stomach or digestive organs, and that I eat everything I want.

I can heartily recommend your system of exercise to any one that desires a good physical condition—a condition that when the mind is tired and needs the night's rest, restful sleep will be his reward.

I will take pleasure in answering any correspondence that will in any wise help you along the road to success and some unfortunate to the road of health.

Wishing you merited success, I am
Very truly yours,
(Signed) C. O. PROWSE, Attorney at Law.

LOUISVILLE, KY., Jan. 22, 1901.

MR. ALOIS P. SWOBODA, Chicago, Ill.
Dear Sir:—I am glad an opportunity has been given me to add my testimony to many good ones you already have, in regard to the merit of your system of physiological exercise. In two months' time, by conscientiously following the exercises outlined by you, my muscles have been developed to a remarkable degree, as also has my general health been improved. I appreciate very much the individual attention which you gave my case, and will say that if there is anybody in this section desiring any information in reference to your system, refer the n to me and I shall take pleasure in recommending your exercises in the highest degree.

Wishing you success and again thanking you for the benefit I have derived from your system, I am, yours respectfully,
(Signed) F. M. LOSEY,
Sec'y and Treas. Nat'l Foundry and Machine Co.

WELLSVILLE, OHIO, Oct. 19, 1901.

MR. ALOIS P. SWOBODA, Chicago.
Dear Sir:—I have delayed writing you relative to the effects and advantages of your system until time had confirmed its promises and realities. I am now enabled to write you and give your system unstinted praise, and will be pleased to recommend your treatment wherever and whenever called upon. It is all you claim for it and only requires of your students a conscientious application. I have not had a headache since commencing the exercises under your direction and can say to all inquirers to "throw physics to the dogs."

You are welcome to this endorsement, and I hope that your business will meet with all the success it merits. Yours truly,
(Signed) A. G. MACKENZIE,
Justice of the Peace

My system is taught by mail only and with perfect success, requires no apparatus whatever, and but a few minutes' time in your room just before retiring. I shall be pleased to send you free valuable information and a detailed outline of my system, its principles and effects, together with testimonial letters from pupils.

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PAUL LEICESTER FORD

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PAUL LEICESTER FORD

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JOHN KENDRICK BANGS
GEORGE W. CABLE
WINSTON CHURCHILL
F. MARION CRAWFORD

MARGARET DELAND
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HAMLIN GARLAND
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JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS
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FRANK R. STOCKTON
RUTH McENERY STUART

BOOTH TARKINGTON
OCTAVE THANET
MARK TWAIN
MARY E. WILKINS
OWEN WISTER

Twelve of the authors named above accepted and have each told one story. These stories are all published together in our latest book entitled "A HOUSE PARTY," which will appeal not only to every person of literary taste, but to every lover of good stories. The conditions of the contest are given in full in the book, together with a guessing coupon, which is to be detached and mailed to the publishers. If more than one person guesses the correct authorship of the twelve stories, the thousand dollars will be divided among the winners. If no correct answer is received, the nearest correct will win the prize. All guesses must be in by December 31.

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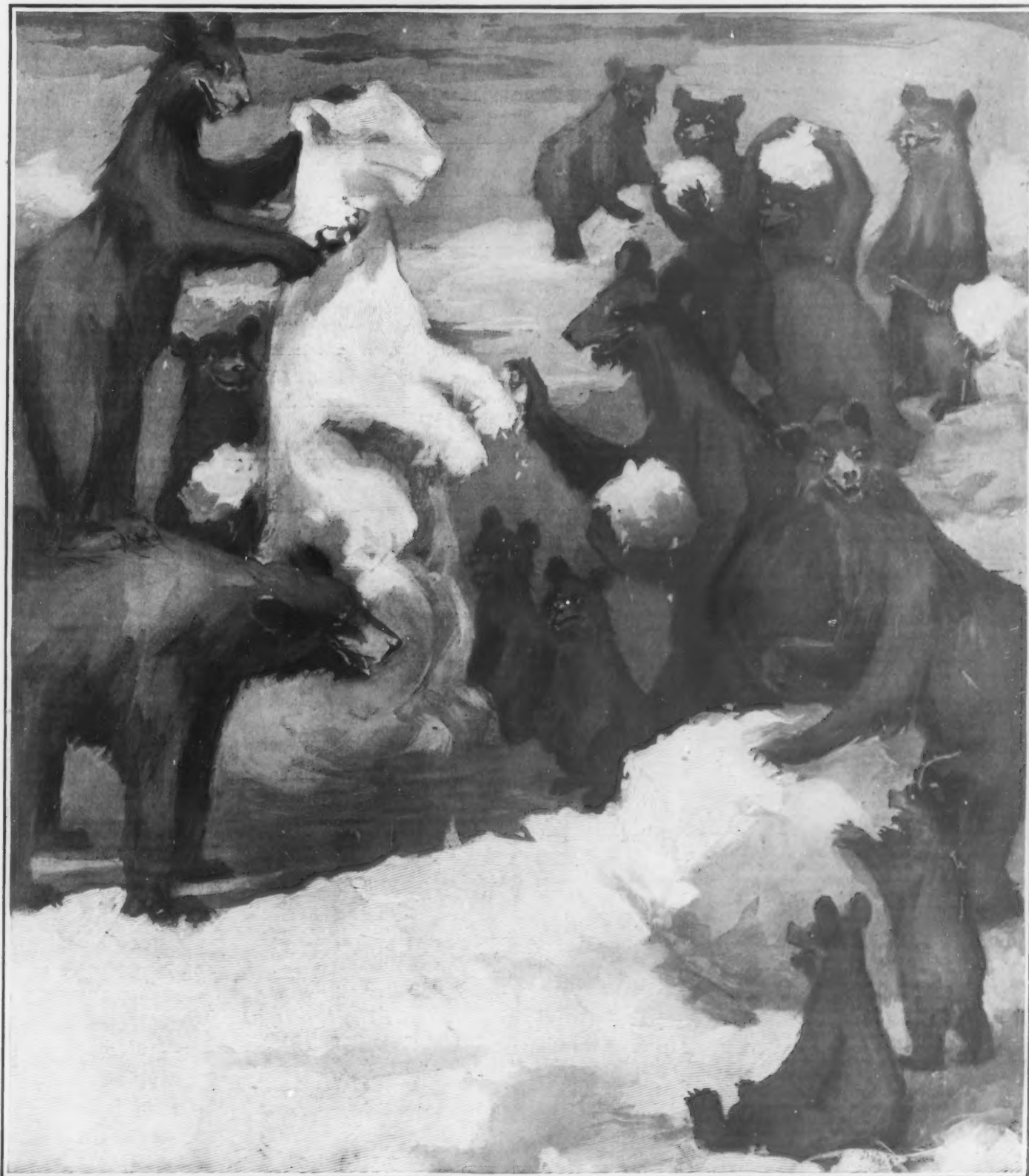
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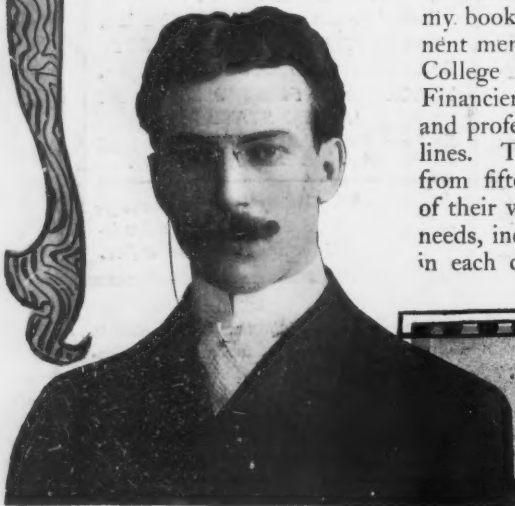
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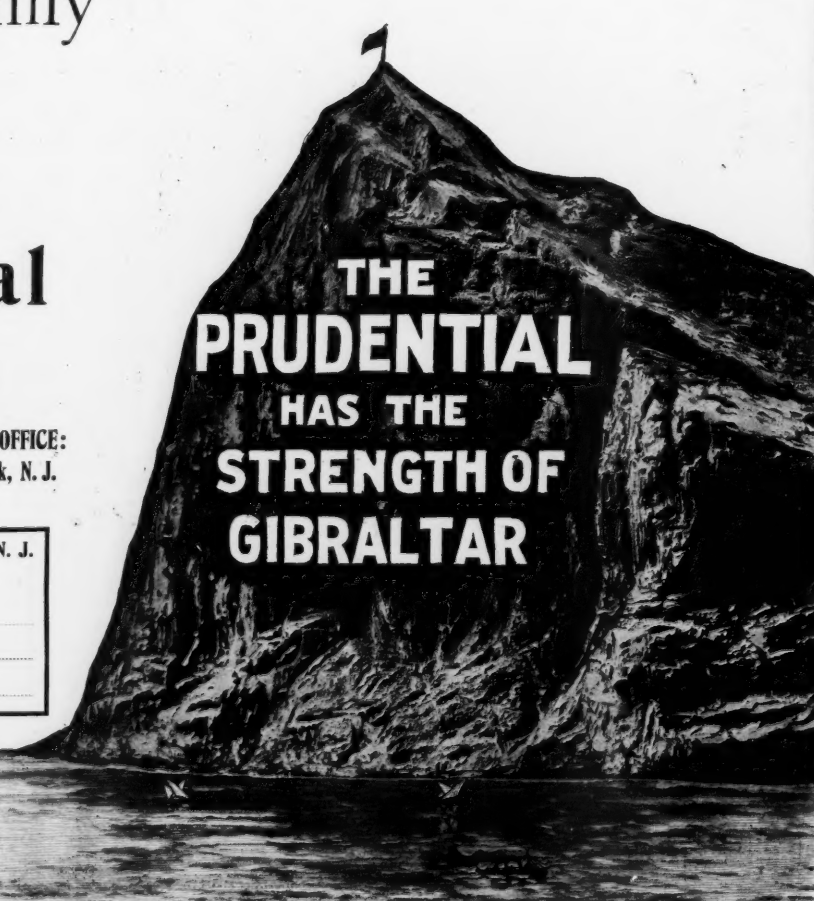
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Understand this is no printed cloth or rag doll that has to be made up and stuffed, or a cheap paper doll, such as some concerns give, but a real jointed Sleeping Beauty Doll, that we give absolutely free for selling only 30 Collar Buttons and no more. This is an extraordinary offer and cannot be duplicated by any other reliable concern. We will guarantee to treat you right and shall expect the same treatment in return. Your credit is good with us, and we trust you for the buttons until you sell them.

Our patrons are extremely well pleased with the Doll we send, as the following letters will show:

\$100 REWARD is hereby offered to any person who can prove that we have not given Free a beautiful Doll for selling 30 Collar Buttons or that the following letters are not genuine:

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Mrs. Gertie Balter, Lockes Mills, Mich., writes: "The beautiful Doll received and much pleased with it. It is much handsomer than I expected."

Iola B. Mills, Rochester, N. Y., writes: "Doll received this p. m. all right. I think it lovely. It well paid me for my work."

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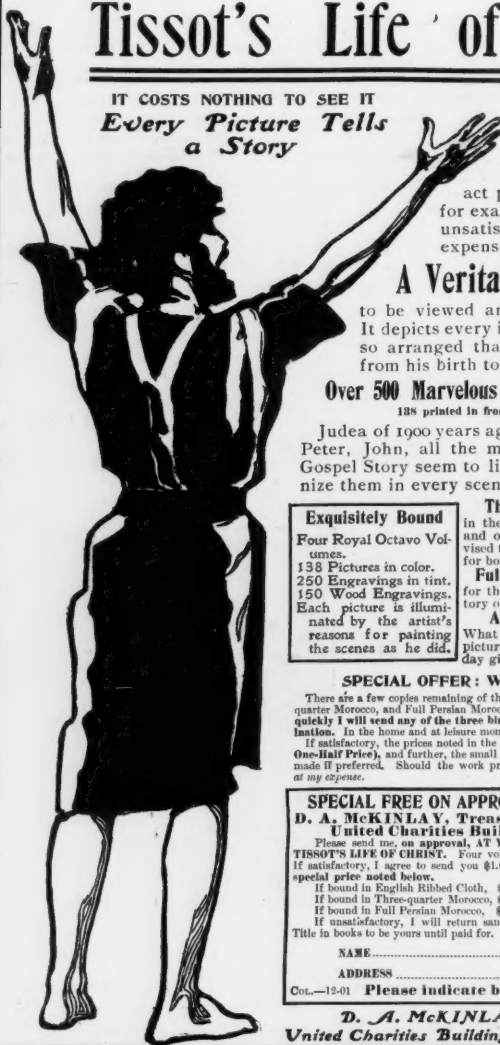
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